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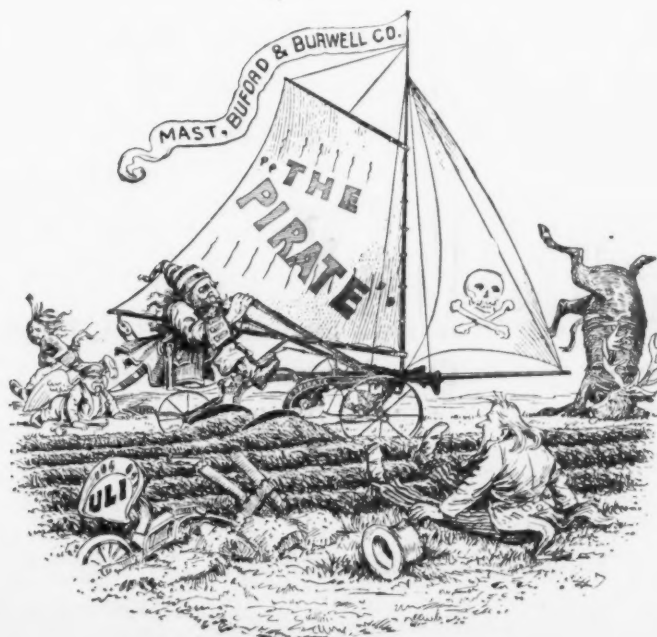
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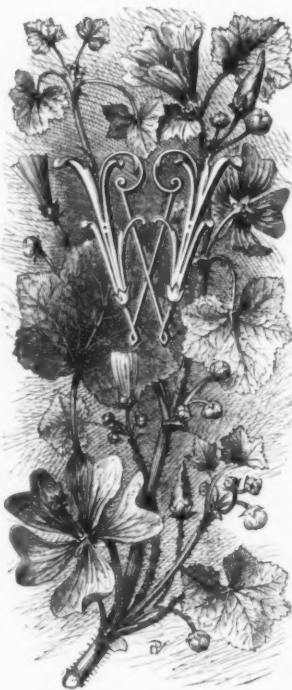
VOL. IX.—No. 12.

ST. PAUL, DECEMBER, 1891.

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IN AN ODD OLD TOWN.

BY KIT CLOVER.



HY did we call it "Clover Lodge" since it is not a wigwam? I'm not sure that I can give a good and sufficient reason, unless it was, that we Clovers, being a quiet, moral lot, always lodge at home. That, or the fact that there are seven doors opening out of the arched hall on the second floor, which latter might have given a flavor, so to speak, of a lodging house. However we may have come by the name, here we are, a gothic, gabled brick of good dimensions, on the very top of the bluffs over-

looking the grand old Mississippi River, fronted by velvety terraces, and skirted by a great garden fairly laughing with fruit and flowers, and dotted here and there with rows of miniature houses from which the happy bees come and go continually.

Step out with me on this balcony over the vestibule.

We will bring along our rockers, the balcony is at least 12x14 and we may all be comfortable.

Here is the city at our feet, and spread away to our right and left over swell after swell of the tree-crowned bluffs, a town of 40,000 inhabitants, astir with manufacture and commerce.

You are looking at those pretty white steamers over on the river. Hark, the up boat calls to the other; she is asking the down boat which side of the river she prefers. Listen; the other answers, she wishes to go to the right. Her decks are loaded, and she seeks the deepest channel. Presently you will see the huge draw swing open, and the boat will pass through the railroad bridge, and, a moment later she will

sweep gracefully under the high bridge, for carriages and foot passengers, just below. Possibly I should say "paddle under" for this is a side-wheeler, but now the signal to land rolls out and echoes and reverberates from bluff to bluff. We know this boat belongs to the "Saints," or the "Diamond Jo" line, as the case may be, by the signal given.

You are watching the train that flashes on you through the tunnel in the solid rock on the Wisconsin shore. See, the draw is closed, and the train moves slowly on to the bridge.

Is this the road that winds about through the northern part of the town, you ask? No, neither is it that one that you can see winding like a bit of brown ribbon around the foot of Eagle Point. This is the I. C. R. R. The former the C., K. C. & St. P., the latter the C., M. & St. P.

The story of that bold face of rock standing almost perpendicular above the water is—that is, it was, long ago, a favorite nesting place for the eagles, and for that reason was named by the Indians, Io-zin-wa.

The boat yard lies just this side of the Point, and some of our best steamers have taken their first plunge into their "native element" from the ways there.

That sharp hill, sugar loaf, or what ever it might be called, over on the Wisconsin prairies? That is Sinsinawa Mound. All our hills, if they might be dignified by that name, are called mounds here, and this special mound is widely known, as St. Clara's Academy is situated on a little sloping terrace well up its side. Above the academy the oak-crowned top towers, as evenly rounded as though some Titian had moulded it in clay.

Away to the north on one of the swells you note the white dots among clusters of evergreens, and know that here is the silent city, that voiceless shadow of life that ever and always lies just over beyond the noisy, hurrying city of living men.

Below the city, just beyond its dust and turmoil, on the top of another rounded swell, where the music of the city's bells, and the murmur of the Little Cateese might lull to the most dreamless sleep, lies the founder of the city, Julien Dubuque, who first made this his trading post with the Indians.

The wife of Peosta, a Fox warrior, discovered lead in this vicinity in the year 1780, and eight years later Julien Dubuque, a Frenchman from Prairie DuChien, obtained from the Foxes a lease of land for mining purposes, that covered about twenty thousand acres, in which was included the present site of the city.

The place was then known as "The Spanish Mines."

Dubuque died in March, 1810, and the land reverted to the original owners, the Fox and Sac Indians, and over there, on that large timbered island amid streams, the white miners took shelter and remained during a long, severe winter, when the Indians had driven them from the rich mines that they were working. Perhaps it is according to the law of the "survival of the fittest" or else that "might makes right" that we sit here idly on the balcony to-day, instead of the forms of the dusky daughters of the forest moving noiselessly up and down the winding foot-paths that threaded these bluffs a hundred years ago.

In 1836 Dubuque was surveyed and platted.

At first the growth was slow and miner's shanties straggled about here and there over the wooded bluffs.

A few Indians lingered, haunting the places where "fire-water" could be had in exchange for game or fish, and half-breeds mingled freer with the miners.

"Then came the 'boom' that sooner or later is sure to strike every Western town.

The crisis of 1856-57 pricked the bubble, and the town fell back into quietness, and has grown only slowly but steadily since.

This is a good point for collectors. First in beauty, among all possible cabinet specimens, ranks the stalactites and stalagmites of glittering spar that so transforms our caves as to make them very fairy palaces. In one of the large caves, that known as "Rice's Cave," we came, after a long, wearisome tramp into what is called "The Fairy Grotto."

This is a room not over ten feet square—or as square as it suited the purpose of Nature to chisel it—lined and ceiled with glittering, transplendent masses, so dashingly pure and white as to fill the beholder with admiration.

At one side a thin, narrow partition, if one might call it so, of pure spar runs from floor to dome, so thin as to be almost transparent. A light held on the opposite side shows through with a radiance almost unearthly.

As I stood here one mid-day, a member of a small group, each of which held aloft a half burned candle, each wrapped in sublime contemplation, I suddenly noticed the ochre smutched faces, the torn and bedraggled garments, and in spite of the awe with which the place had inspired me, I suggested that I would give a fabulous sum for a picture of the group. A peal of laughter rang out, that seemed to float up into the white glistening distances above our heads.

When at last we had gazed our fill, we commenced the return. Can you imagine a party of tourists, each in turn lying flat before a small, black opening in a snowy white wall, and each with a genuine snake-like wriggle and twist, disappearing into the blackness?

The "tunnel" was said to be but sixty feet long. I hope the "guide book" spoke the truth. I would wager, however, that it was six hundred. I presume an exceedingly thin man might find this mode of transit and this tunnel satisfactory. I did not.

And I feel certain that had I occupied one inch more of space, my bones, to this day, would be blocking the only known route to the wonderful "Fairy Grotto."

For the rest of the way, where we slipped sideways down a crevasse a la flaxseed; or crept on hands and knees; or stumbled along, bent almost double; or attached ourselves to the noose end of the rope—not by the neck, however—while the creaking capstan slowly pulled us up into daylight again—for all this I have no complaint. It was, comparatively, Paradise, after that inky crawl.

However, spar is but the broidery of the garment, as it were, the real purpose of all these "shafts" and "levels" and capstans is to dig lead ore. Dubuque is the great mining center for this part of the country.

The lead region proper is confined to an area of about fifteen miles square immediately about the city.

All about our bluffs the Galena limestone crops out in pillars and castellated crags, seamed and scarred and ivy grown. The stone is nearly pure dolomite, with a slight admixture of siliceous matter. The lead ore is found in vertical fissures which traverse the rock at regular intervals from east to west and are called lodes (pronounced leads). Lesser lodes are found in fissures that have a north and south direction. This ore is mostly known as galena, or sulphuret of lead, very small quantities only of the carbonate being found in it.

The Trenton limestone, also, shows here and there at the surface, and in this formation fossils are abundant. In fact so much so, that in some places the rock is made up of a mass of shells, corals and fragments of trilobites, cemented by calcareous material into solid rock. Some of these fossils are new to science and peculiar to Iowa.

Zinc ore is commonly known here as "black-jack," and while not as beautiful as the strange formations of spar, nor as interesting as these outcroppings of the silurian age, yet its gnarled and knotted lumps fill a niche in many a local cabinet.

Our Indian "mounds" are a yet unexhausted source of cabinet supplies. I believe these are not supposed to belong to the old mound builders, or sun worshipers, but are believed to be the burial places of chiefs belonging to later tribes of Indians. These old fellows never injured their teeth by excessive use of tuff, nor dislocated their jaws with the modern craze for chewing gum, that much I can aver, for haven't I seen their bones, and—ugh! let us change the subject.

Just at this moment the pearl fever is sweeping this locality. A Mr. Lewis of Petoski, a town a few miles north of Dubuque, found a very beautiful pink pearl in a freshwater clam. Like Mrs. Perrybinkle's teakettle, this was what begun it. It has spread and spread, until now it is thoroughly epidemic and the poor, inoffensive clams find no place of safety. Quite a number of pearls have been found of remarkable size, and were it not for some ever-present flaw would sell for two hundred and fifty dollars or more. This last bit of information I have direct from a leading jeweler who examined them.

Among our notable men we have Senator

William B. Allison, congressman D. B. Henderson, Gen. Geo. W. Jones, formerly Minister to New Granada, and at one time a U. S. Senator, and Judge Adams of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

No city in the Mississippi Valley presents so many admirable features to commend it to those seeking a business or residence location as Dubuque. It is the first and will always continue to be the chief city of the State, owing to its fortunate position. It lies nearly midway between St. Louis and St. Paul. More railroads will eventually radiate north, south and west of Dubuque than from any other point along the 300 miles of the Upper Mississippi River. Its corporate limits include an area of eleven square miles, with about four miles of river front. It possesses 117 manufacturing establishments and forty wholesale houses. Its mercantile business aggregates over \$60,000,000 per year and its seven banks transact an annual business of over \$100,000,000. Its present population is 40,000.

The noticeable features of Dubuque are three: The large lumber interests, her substantial manufacturers and her heavy jobbing houses. The lumber yards are connected with mills, the logs being rafted down the Mississippi. In a manufacturing way, Dubuque has one of the finest carriage factories in the country, several large iron works, wagon shops, plow factories, boot and shoe factory, besides scores of smaller institutions. The sash and door factories are among the largest, shipping their work to all parts of the country. The entire interior wood work of the Bee Building in Omaha was made in Dubuque. In the jobbing trade Dubuque has a great many creditable houses.

As a city, Dubuque need never hope to grow to vast proportions, since we do not live on a line of the great trans continental lines of travel, but I believe we stand first of any city, in healthfulness, and surely for picturesqueness of location there is nothing more lovely.

ENJ'YIN' POOR HEALTH.

D'you remember Hiram Cawkin—
Lived in York State years ago?
Whut a way he had o' talkin'—
How his voice was choked with woe?
Allus on the p'int o' dyin',
Allus groanin', gruntin', sighin';
Ask 'im, "Hiram, how's she goin'?"
He'd a kinder knit his brow,
And would answer, lookin' knowin':
"Thankee,
I'm enj'yin' poor health now."
Wan't 'e long an' thin an' skinny!
(No one ever called 'im "tall")—
Allus "long") an' so blame' thin 'e
Didn't have no flesh at all!
Seemed of all ambition lackin'
'Cept to keep 'is jint a crackin'
An' to tell the folks 'at meet 'im—
Made no difference when er how
So they paused enough to let 'im:
"Thankee,
I'm enj'yin' poor health now."
Nineteen year or twenty, is it,
Sence you last was back in Wayne?
Year ago I made a visit,
But I'll never go again.
Findin' all my friends departed
Makes me feel too heavy-hearted.
Only one man left 'at knew me—
Hiram Cawkin; an' I swore
'T sounded good when he sez to me:
"Thankee,
I'm enj'yin' poor health now."
Must be ninety, 'f he's two hours,
Old. Y' know when we was young—
Lived on misery. All 'is powers
Round affliction twined an' clung.
Queer ol' feller! Allus groanin',
Gruntin', whinin', sighin', moanin'.
Soon to glory he'll be strayin';
'N' I can fancy 'im, I vow,
Buttonholin' saints, an' sayin':
"Thankee,
I'm enj'yin' poor health now!"

GEORGE HORTON.

ATTRACTIVE TO SETTLERS.

BENSON COUNTY.

North Dakota's immense crop of 1891 is attracting such wide-spread attention that people in about every nook and corner of the country will accordingly be interested in knowing more about the State and the peculiarly fertile resources of its soil, especially those who are contemplating a change of residence. The table of crop statistics for 1890-91 which Hon. H. T. Helgesen, North Dakota's commissioner of agriculture and labor, has just completed and published, shows that the acreage of wheat sown this year was 2,865,502, which, at an average of twenty bushels to the acre—a reasonable estimate—gives the State a total yield of 57,310,040 bushels. The significance of this showing will be better understood when it is remembered that, in addition to the hardships incident to frontier husbandry, North Dakota has but recently passed from a territorial to a State existence.

One of the most fertile and attractive portions of this rich domain is Benson County whose acreage of wheat this year was nearly one seventy-third of the sum total—a remarkable fact considering that it is in the list of the younger counties of the State. It was organized in the spring of 1884, since which time it has enjoyed a slow but steady growth in population and general development, notwithstanding it has had to contend with the same impediment that has been universal with the two Dakotas—an unwarranted public prejudice in the East, whose source was the "Northwestern blizzard" aggravated by the occasional hardship periods that are incident to all new prairie countries. A highly profitable as well as pleasant feature of the topography of this county is that it supplies the west and southern shores of Devils Lake—a navigable body of water fifty-five miles in length and from eight to twelve miles wide—to which fact is doubtless to be attributed the absence of a single crop failure in the history of the county, owing to the undulating lay of the land and the atmospheric moisture resulting from evaporation. In seasons of freshets produced by excessive rains or melting snows, the county is readily drained into this great natural reservoir through a chain of smaller never-failing lakes lying in the interior of the county and more directly through a number of coulees. It will thus be seen that it enjoys a natural location peculiarly advantageous to the husbandman that is rarely equalled by that of other counties east or west. Portions of the county penetrate the lake and are heavily timbered. A large and handsomely equipped steamboat plies the lake throughout the summer season, and citizens and tourists frequently avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered for pleasure excursions. The Government survey of the Devils Lake Indian reservation—which consists of nine congressional townships of land, mostly in this county—was completed about two months ago. The allotment of the lands in severalty to the Indians has been in progress the past year and a half and will be finished by the coming fall, and then Uncle Sam will treat for the remainder of the reservation and throw it open to settlement. There are about 11,000 of these Indians—chiefly Cut-Head Sioux—over whom Agent Waugh presides, and many of them are making such progress in the more substantial ways of the white man that they will soon be wholly self-supporting and will materially swell the volume of business transacted by our local merchants. They are so well civilized and so peaceable that the late "Messiah craze" made no perceptible headway among them. The Government buildings of the reservation are located on the lake shore on one of the most beautiful and picturesque sites in the West. There was for-

merly Fort Totten, but the post was abandoned a year ago, the further retention of the troops being considered a useless expense to the Government. An industrial school is established at this point for the benefit of the juvenile Indians, which is in a flourishing condition.

Benson County's sweep of forty congressional townships of land, comprising a total acreage of 921,600, is a highly remunerative and magnificent field for agricultural exploits and stock-raising. The soil is a rich, black loam, of an average thickness of two feet, resting upon a clay sub-soil, and the magnitude of the crop raised this season proves its exceptionally productive quality. The wheat acreage was 34,879, and the crop averaged about thirty bushels to the acre, or over 1,000,000 bushels, worth at least \$700,000. The largest yield of wheat up to date, according to the thresher's figures, was from eight acres that went fifty bushels to the acre. The above handsome sum will enable the majority of our farmers to discharge all indebtedness, make some needed improvements and investments, and the necessary preparations for the work of another year. They are accordingly feeling very jubilant, and not without good reason, and are looking hopefully to the future. The capacity of the soil for wheat raising is thoroughly demonstrated, and their faith in it is greater than ever. The feeling is prevalent among them that the era of sufficient crop moisture that the scientists have been predicting has dawned, which adds much to the zeal, enthusiasm and good cheer now manifested on every hand, and clinches the belief that no more profitable country for farming lays out of doors than this justly celebrated "land of No. 1 Hard." Their prosperity will be heightened when they get more into mixed farming and stock-raising, and we believe that the next two years will inaugurate a great change in this direction. At present the other crops indigenous to this country are not very extensively grown, wheat, when the season is right for it, being so much more profitable. But all seasons are not alike as to temperature and moisture, and it is safe to say there will be some variation in the future, hence the necessity for mixed farming. Oats is our next best crop as yet. The acreage this year is 4,989, the average yield sixty-five bushels per acre, and the total yield 324,285. Acreage of barley, 1,376; average yield sixty bushels; total, 82,560. Flax acreage, 3,601; average fifteen bushels; total, 54,015. Irish potatoes 154 acres; average, 200 bushels; total, 30,800. Grand total of these crops, 1,538,030 bushels; approximate cash valuation \$871,048.

To enable the reader to better appreciate this result of the season's work in Benson County, it should be stated that there are twelve townships of unoccupied Government land on the western border of the county, which, with the major part of the reservation, contributed nothing to these figures, and that much of the balance of the county is but sparsely settled. The crop, in part, in Antelope Valley, along the southern border of the county, was damaged some by the frost, and the flax, quite generally, having been sown late, was injured. It is considered in this county, however, that early seeding is the antidote for frost. The farmers have commenced building granaries so as to be independent in the matter of marketing their grain. The indications are that next year is going to add greatly to the number of acres under cultivation, and granaries will be an essential feature of the situation. A small start has been made in stock-raising, the returns of the assessors for this year showing the number of head to be 11,921, of which 3,918 are sheep. There are 1,600 acres of natural and 147 of artificial timber in the county. Total number of acres of land under cultivation 55,377; not cultivated, 866,223. Total cash value

of farms, including structures and improvements, \$589,851. Bonded indebtedness, \$27,500. Number of organized school townships, 11. Total assessment for 1891, \$770,646.

As the population of the county will not exceed 3,000, the opportunities for new settlers are apparent. Come at once. This crop will advance farm lands twenty-five per cent, but they will still be low. One farmer who has just threshed his wheat says he will realize from it about four times the price he paid for the land. The twelve towns of Government land in the west half of the county—with their rich soil and possibilities for the future—can be had for the taking; but don't delay for another year. Two railroads are in the county and half a dozen villages, Minnewaukan, Oberon and Leeds being the principal ones. These are railroad towns located in the middle, southern and northern portions of the county respectively—the former being the oldest town in the county and the county seat and supplies the farmers with half a dozen elevators. Pleasant Lake, York, Fort Totten and Viking are flourishing villages, with good schools, churches and an excellent class of people.

Benson County offers the new settler cheap lands and free lands along with the advantages and comforts of 19th century civilization. Will he accept?

J. W. SHEPPARD,

Editor "North Dakota Siftings."

Minnewaukan, N. D., Oct. 13, 1891.

EMMONS COUNTY.

This county is situated in the south central part of North Dakota. It is bounded on the north by Burleigh and Kidder, on the east by Logan and McIntosh, on the south by South Dakota, and on the west by the Missouri River. Williamsport is the county seat. The county is forty-eight miles from north to south and nearly thirty-six from east to west. From north to south it is of the same extent as both its neighbors on the east. By the census of 1880 the county had thirty-eight people, mostly old settlers along the river who had been there many years, and a number of whom had married women of the Sioux tribe. Emmons County was organized in 1883, and by the assessor's statistics of May, 1891, the population was 2,576—1,429 male and 1,147 females. There are forty full and eight fractional townships in the county, giving an area of about one million acres, every foot of which is good either for farming or stock-raising, and only about one-third of it yet entered under the United States land laws or purchased from the railroad. There are thousands of acres of land as good as that already settled upon that may yet be entered under the homestead law or purchased from the Northern Pacific Railroad. The latter class of lands are held at from \$4 to \$5 per acre, and may be paid for in preferred stock of the railroad, now worth seventy-five to eighty cents on the dollar. In round numbers, there are 658,303 acres in the county that may be entered as homesteads or bought from the railroad, besides lands held by non-residents that can be cheaply purchased.

The county is without railroads, and for this reason, and this only, its growth has been slow. But now a line from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Bismarck is graded through the county. The work of tracklaying has been in progress on the southeastern part, this season, and next year will doubtless witness the running of trains through this county. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Company have built to Eureka, in South Dakota, a few miles from the southern border of Emmons, and this line, when finished to its objective point, Bismarck, will run through the center of this county from south to north.

Notwithstanding the fact that our population

is not so large as it would have been had we obtained railroads, there has been a steady increase since settlement began, both in population and wealth.

The increase in assessment valuation from year to year is shown in the following table:

1884.....	\$248,300	1888.....	\$745,739
1885.....	298,540	1889.....	811,549
1886.....	327,347	1890.....	924,590
1887.....	755,454	1891.....	980,447

Although twenty-two miles from the nearest railroad point, our farmers have raised wheat with profit every season, while during the past few years they have paid much attention to stock. There are now in the county some 20,000 cattle and 30,000 sheep, mostly in small herds and flocks owned by farmers. There are a great many horses being raised; also, as stock horses run at large the year around, even in deep snow pawing down to the grass (which cures in the fall instead of rotting) and coming out in good condition in the spring. Before our farmers had paid much attention to stock, the Hon. H. L. Parkin, a former member of the Legislature and a large stock grower, said to one of them, "I can raise a horse about as cheaply as you can raise a chicken," and this is almost literally true. Hay is cut off wild lands in any part of the county. The average yield of grain this year, as shown by threshing already done, is: wheat, 25 bushels per acre; oats, 60 bushels; barley 40 bushels; rye 35 bushels; flax 15 bushels. Wheat, barley, rye, oats, flax, corn and buckwheat are products raised here, the corn acreage increasing largely each year. The corn is of an early variety, low in height, but good in yield, and a case of hog cholera has never been known in this or neighboring counties.

One advantage that intending settlers will find in Emmons is its large area—almost as large as both the counties that touch it on the east—which insures a lower rate of taxation as the county settles up. Lignite coal—a good fuel—is mined within a few miles of Williamsport, the county seat. The whole western edge of the county, along the Missouri River, is timbered, and settlers get logs, poles and fuel there free. Another thing that those looking for homes in North Dakota should consider is this. Emmons lies between the great railroad systems of Minnesota and North Dakota and the capital of North Dakota, and all of these systems in order to reach Bismarck must cross this county.

In conclusion, permit me to say that we settlers out here on the prairies of Emmons County—with happy and comfortable homes, good schools, an intelligent society, big crops, and sleek live stock—can scarcely understand how it is that so many men in the East—renters, small farmers, or those with mortgages—do not quickly leave their condition of dependence, do as we have done, and come out here, where all the perseverance, energy, intelligence and hard work of themselves and their families will bring a sure reward to themselves, and not to others. Those wishing further information as to the county should address, with stamp, either of the following: H. A. Armstrong, E. T. Merrick, or the undersigned, Williamsport; F. H. K. Pitcher, Glencoe; Wesley Baker, Livona; H. W. Allen, Armstrong; J. N. Roop, Roop P. O.; J. G. Pitts, John McClory, or W. B. Andrus, Winona; Dr. H. C. John, Vanderbilt, S. D. (just over the line); Cornelius Powerdink, Hull; G. W. Renskers, Westfield; M. Mahoney or Mrs. C. Petsie, Winchester; David Black, Dale; Edward Brad-dock, Daklen; Henry Chapman, Danbury; W. W. Goodwin, Buchanan; Miss Alice Carmichael, Ornio; W. B. Lee, Emmonsburg.

D. N. STRIKER,

Editor "Emmons County Record."

Williamsport, N. D., Oct. 12, 1891.



Independent Schoolmarm's.

All the schoolmarm's in this county have their own ponies and vehicles and they go driving when they wish to without waiting for some young man to ask them; they may be preparing for leap year events in 1892.—*McLean County (N. D.) Mail*.

A Delicate Subject.

"It is a delicate subject with us," says a Western editor, "but we are very much embarrassed financially and as free from money as a frog is of feathers. If some of you folks that owe us on subscription could have a photograph of our empty st—pockets, you would hustle a dollar or so and change the picture. Our cash receipts have been so light the last month that a Hessian fly could cast them up in ten seconds. We dislike this contraction of the currency very much, and you, one and all, should extend a hand to help us out of the money panic we are undergoing. P. S.—Don't forget to have your silver in your hand when extended."

A Tea Party in a Hollow Tree.

Who says there are no big trees in Washington? Over towards the base of Mount Tacoma, in Pierce County, is a wonderful fertile valley called Succotash Valley. But few settlers are there, and none of the land has ever been surveyed. The Kernahans were the pioneer settlers. Miss Ruth Kernahan, residing at Palisade farm in the valley, sends to the *Every Sunday*, of Tacoma, the following report of a society event, the features of which are unparalleled in Washington.

"In the succotash valley there was recently given an English tea, by Mr. A. Hackar, a resident of Lewis County. It was held in a hollow tree, 15x16 feet in dimensions. The tree was artistically lined and roofed with fir and cedar boughs. A table, 3x12, was decorated with a bouquet of carnations from the Palisade farm. The odor of flowers and evergreens agreeably scented the whole tree. There were two entrances, one beside a gravelly beach on the edge of a creek. There were twenty-eight people seated beside the table inside the tree at the same time."

Primitive Whale Killing.

Last Friday, as the schooner Robert Lewers, Capt. Penhallow, from Honolulu, was entering Fuca Strait, she passed five canoes filled with Indians, who were attacking a whale in their primitive style. The harpoons are fitted with a socket, into which the harpoon stab of solid yew is inserted. A lanyard about five fathoms long has one end fastened to the harpoon head and the other end secured to a buoy made of hair sealskin taken out whole, with the hair side in. The holes made by the flippers and neck are closed up air tight, except that the neck has a hollow wooden plug, through which the Indian blows up the skin while fresh and soft till it is full of air, and when dry it is as tight as a drum and as buoyant as a bladder.

In attacking a whale the harpoon is driven into the blubber with great force, and the staff of the harpoon comes out of the socket, leaving the barbed head firmly fixed in the whale's carcass with the skin buoy floating at the other end of the lanyard. The Indians get as many harpoons into the whale as they can, and the buoys

prevent his sinking. The Indians then kill the whale with their long lances, and when dead he is towed ashore and the blubber and meat taken off and divided. The Indians were whooping and yelling, and finally the whale headed for the schooner, and passed directly under her bottom, buoys and all, giving those on board a fine chance to see the circus. When the whale again came up the Indians were ready with their lances, and before the Lewers had got out of sight they had killed their huge game and all the canoes were fast to it, towing it ashore, with songs and shouts of victory. The Indian whaling business at Cape Flattery is one of the fishing industries of Washington. A full and complete set of their whaling outfit will make a very attractive addition to the world's Columbian exhibit at Chicago of the fisheries of the State of Washington. The Indians killed six other whales this season.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

Alaska Mary and Siwash Charley.

There was a really romantic reunion on one of the approaches to Ballast Island late yesterday afternoon, and a Chinook Indian and his sweetheart, a young siwash maiden, who had been separated for years, folded each other in their arms and shed tears of joy, vowing never to be parted again. As a group of aborigines clustered around the couple, a bystander whistled a bar from "Annie Rooney," but the melody was cut short by a big kloochman shying a ripe clam at the warbler.

As the shades of night settled over the Indian camp, fires were started and a regular feast was inaugurated, lasting until far into the night, the young people being most royally entertained and liberally supplied with baked clams and other Indian delicacies.

The hero of the hour is known as "Siwash Charley;" the girl as "Alaska Mary." The story is that about three years ago Mary and Charley lived at Sitka. The homes of their people were close together, and during the long summer days and the short winter nights the couple told tales of love to each other. Mary's parents objected to the attentions of Charley and locked the girl up. Then Charley lost his "grip," so to speak. He lost all interest in life, ceased to fish and hunt, and sent word to Mary that unless she escaped from her home and fled with him, he would kill himself.

Through a trusty messenger Mary sent him back word to brace up and be of good cheer; for him to go to Seattle and she would join him there as soon as possible, and when the objections of her parents should be overcome they could be married.

This was nearly three years ago. Charley followed the advice of the bonny brown maiden and made his way by easy stages to this city, where he has since been residing, going regularly to the hop fields and patiently waiting for his sweetheart.

Through Indians from Alaska he frequently heard of her, but never directly. The reports must have been satisfactory, to Charley, who is a handsome, manly looking fellow, for he resisted the blandishments of other Chinook girls and remained true to Mary. The old saying that "All things come to him who waits" appears to have been exemplified in this instance and his patience was rewarded yesterday by meeting Mary on the island as stated.

Mary, gaudily attired in a white and red plaid skirt, pale blue basque, a shawl that would beat Joseph's coat for variety of colors and with Indian jewelry and beads enough to sink a canoe, arrived last week on the Alaska steamer. Charley was in the hop fields at Puyallup, so Mary went into camp at the island and waited her lover's return. He came in yesterday and

then ensued the reunion. The couple wanted to be wedded at once, but were persuaded to await until the girl's parents at Sitka can be communicated with. Mary admits that she ran away. The wedding can be looked for within a few weeks.—*Seattle Telegraph*.

How She Cured Him of Gambling.

One of the happiest families in Butte to-day is a young miner, a devoted wife and a baby just budding into talkativeness. The couple were married in Butte and theirs was a wedding with a romantic story connected with it. The young man, whose name is William —, became enamored of Miss Nellie — about three years ago and the affection was mutual, so that in a short time they were engaged. The wedding day was fixed conveniently after "pay day," for the young man had nothing but a wealth of love and steady employment and the girl was living with relatives who kept a boarding house and she was only meagerly paid for her work. William had a failing, that of gambling, and occasionally getting drunk. Pay day came and the anxiety of the girl increased, but the lover had the ceremony postponed until next pay day. Thus it went on for three months and after paying his board bill the young man each time contributed what he had left to "King Faro." Another month went slowly by, the young man swearing beforehand that they should be married next time and said he would come to her as soon as he was paid off. She waited but he did not come. She put on her hat and cloak and started down town. She walked up and down the street in front of the gambling houses several times and at last met a friend whom she asked to look through the different places and see if her intended was in there. He was found in the old Crystal and brought out by his friend. He had already lost his month's earnings. "Well, you promised that we would be married to-day," she said pleasantly. "But I am broke, Nellie; haven't got a penny," he despondently answered the young man. She took his arm and they walked on a few steps. "Well, I have, and we shall go right now, get the marriage license and be married right away."

"What!" exclaimed the young man, "do you mean to say you are going to get the license and pay the preacher?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

The young man pressed his lips to hers right on the street. She did not scold him for losing his money, but he took a vow which he did not put in words. That vow was that he would never touch liquor or play a card again, and he has kept it.

They were quietly married, and lived two months at the boarding house, when they had saved a little of his earnings, rented a house and got along swimmingly. They live in their own house to-day and are as happy and loving as mortals can be.—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.

A County Composed of Islands.

San Juan County, Washington, is composed of the islands of San Juan, Lopez, Orcas, Decatur, Waldron and Blakely and numerous small islets adjoining. They are separated by narrow straits or passes, the scenery of which is beautiful, and inland is further diversified by mountains and valleys, heavy timber and small prairies; also several lakes, some of which are stocked with German carp.

Here is, indeed, the sportsman's paradise. On shore there are deer, partridges quail and pigeons. Ducks of all kinds abound, while the lakes and waters of Puget Sound afford the finest of fish, such as trout, carp, rock cod and salmon, the latter being especially plentiful. The islands of San Juan and Lopez are the chief farming districts of the county, while Orcas is



MOOSE ON THE MARCH IN THE NORTHERN MINNESOTA WOODS.

almost entirely devoted to fruit raising; some fruit ranches on Orcas recently sold for \$10,000, \$7,500 and \$5,000, respectively, and there are many others fully as valuable. Orcas is noted as being the most mountainous; Mount Constitution reaching the height of 2,500 feet, from which a splendid view of the country can be obtained. East Sound, the largest place on the island, is fast becoming a popular watering place and summer resort, and is beautifully located as regards scenery.

Lopez Island is the most low-lying of the islands, nowhere rising more than 300 feet above high water level. It is the most fertile island of the group, and contains the largest body of agricultural land—only a small portion of the island being unfit for cultivation.

Large numbers of settlers have come here in the last year, and the land around Richardson is being divided into ten-acre lots, which are being rapidly sold and planted in orchards, strawberries and other kinds of small fruits.

San Juan is the largest of the group, and upon it is situated Friday Harbor, the county seat, a thriving town and famous for its strawberry ranches, which beat the record for large and excellent fruit. Here are printed two newsy weekly newspapers, the *Graphic* and *Iclander*, which are well supported and are doing their best to advance the interests of the country. At Roche Harbor are situated the largest lime works in the State, with a capacity of 1,300 barrels per day. There are also several other lime kilns

with a capacity from 150 to 200 barrels per day. These give employment to large numbers of men, and largely increase the trade of the country.—*Washington Farmer.*

A Chase for a Homestead.

There was a remarkable chase for a homestead up in Eastern Oregon on Tuesday of last week, as reported by the *La Grande Gazette*. On that day Azro B. Niles, of Walla Walla, made his appearance in La Grande, where the land office for that section of the State is located, with every appearance of being in a great hurry. The express that day contained homestead filings on a certain piece of land in Umatilla County from Francis M. Burke. Mr. Niles was after the same piece of land, but missed the train at Pendleton. He chartered an engine to overhaul the train at La Grande, and paid \$1 a mile or \$75 for the trip over the mountains. His engine showed up at Oro Dell just as the train pulled up at the depot, and his filing was completed at the land office a few minutes before delivery of the express containing the filing from Burke. Niles did not wait for his receipt, but rode back to Pendleton on the engine with the observation that, inasmuch as he had bought the machine he thought he was entitled to a ride back.

How Simpkins was Saved.

On the twentieth day of July last I reached Denver. I found an old friend domiciled in the largest hotel in that magnificent city. It was David P. Rose, leading civil and criminal lawyer in that rocky city. Mr. Rose was formerly a student of mine when I taught school in Tipton County, Tennessee, when I educated "the young idea how to shoot." He took me to dinner at the Greystone Club, which owns its own building, one of the finest in Denver, and whose members are devoted to the memory of Samuel J. Tilden. After a good dinner, with trimmings, this bright lawyer told me many interesting stories of the mysteries of the civil and criminal practice of the law in Colorado. He told me how he won his first case against the present able and brilliant district attorney of Denver City.

John Simpkins was an old miner, of temper as peaceful as a girl of sixteen, save only when he put an enemy into his mouth that stole away his brains. At such periods the old miner's temper was fierce and ungovernable as an unchained tiger. In a moment of hot blood he had killed a boon companion, John Timberlake by name. When sobered up in the morning to his horror he found his boon companion and friend dead on the floor of the little cabin. Though living twelve miles from Denver he started on foot to the city, with the blood of his victim still red on his hands. The only lawyer he knew was my ci-devant scholar, David P. Rose. He told his story, laid down ten twenty-dollar gold pieces as a retainer. The lawyer advised Simpkins to immediately give himself up to the authorities. He did so. The case came on for trial in September. The only advice the counsel gave the prisoner was to keep a close mouth. The defense was that Timberlake had been killed by a casual tramp for purpose of plunder and on finding Simpkins on the floor of the cabin the tramp had immediately fled.

The State felt secure of its case. At three o'clock in the afternoon the brilliant attorney of the Commonwealth closed his case by showing that some one, presumably Simpkins, had placed his rifle through a small window and shot Timberlake in the back of his head from the outside of the cabin, showing the exact distance from the ground to the window. By the proof of the Commonwealth the murderous rifle could easily have been placed on the ledge of the window, for it was a moonlight night and the inoffensive Timberlake killed in an instant.

Drawing himself to his full height, the eloquent representative of the State of Colorado, facing the jury and shaking his index finger at Simpkins, who sat impassive in the dock, he exclaimed: "Who killed John Timberlake?" A dropping of a pin could be heard in the crowded court room. He answered the question himself as he pointed to Simpkins, saying in slow, measured, persuasive words. "There sits the red-handed murderer. Gentlemen I have done."

The Judge aroused himself, the jury seemed convinced and Rose was almost hopeless of making any successful defense for the hapless prisoner at the bar. Court adjourned.

Rose, dispirited but courageous, hastened to the Greystone Club, where he took a light supper and hastily summoned two reliable men who held subordinate positions on one of the mountain railroads, one of them a practical carpenter. His instructions to them were simple. Both were to meet him at his office with a buckboard and a pair of spanking bays at midnight. It was up-hill to the lonely cabin in the mountains where Timberlake was slain. The night was dark as Erebus. At two o'clock in the morning the tired team stopped at the cabin. The three jumped out and at once measured the distance from the ground to the window. A man of Simpkins' size could readily accomplish what the Prosecuting Attorney charged him with. For the one barrel of the prisoner's double-barrel rifle was emptied, and the ball, after crashing through the other miner's skull, was found imbedded in the oak log on the south side of the cabin. But I will let Rose here take up the story.

"My defense was readily made, and it proved to be, as I suspected it would, a perfect one. My workmen brought out a jack-screw and soon elevated the cabin three feet, and after cutting logs on the mountain side they put new underpinning under the miner's cabin of logs. I carried my rifle and could just reach the aperture, but it was impossible to kill anybody in that cabin unless he had perched himself on the joist running across the one story cabin. My companions hastily gathered mesquite bushes and laid them along the new joists or logs, and hastily dug up the soil with a fortunate spade, which we found in the bottom of the buckboard wagon. The carpenter pulled out a black flask, and drinking to the memory of poor Timberlake, said, with a touch of exultation in his voice: 'We've got them this time. Poor Simpkins may hang some other day, not this.'

"The night was wearing away and fortunately for us the road was lonely and no other cabin on the mountain side was in sight. We whirled our horses around, dashed down the mountain side hiding our jack-screws just outside of the town in an old barn. We struck the hotel at the gray of dawn. I needed no sleep, but we all wanted and got a good breakfast. After this we prepared our case. At ten o'clock we were fully ready to give the Commonwealth battle. Simpkins took the stand and swore he was in a drunken stupor on the fatal night. He remembered nothing, swearing to the truth when he said he and Timberlake had been friends for forty years without a break. We then proved Simpkins' good character ever since he had lived in Colorado. Brown and Tompkins, my companions, both swore that they were familiar with the location and height of the Simpkins cabin and that no man in the room was tall enough to shoot a man sitting or standing in the cabin through that small open window. The Judge looked surprised, the Prosecuting Attorney was evidently dazed, and the jury looked as if a heavy load had been lifted from their minds and consciences. The brilliant attorney for the Commonwealth could say but little, and soon put a period to his speech. In a fifteen minutes' speech I poured my heart out for honest John Simpkins, who I

pictured coming to my office like an honest man in great distress of mind to tell me his truthful story. I explained to the jury that he could not have killed his friend without some shadow of motive, and none had been shown by the prosecution. The jackscrew did the business. In half an hour the jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty,' and Simpkins came to my hotel that night and joyfully handed me a buckskin bag containing \$300 in twenty dollar gold pieces. Maybe I didn't feel good, for it was my first big criminal case. A week later I met my amiable friend, the District Attorney, at the Greystone Club. He said, 'Dave, I yesterday visited old Simpkins' cabin out of sheer curiosity. It was that jackscrew that saved your client's life. The dinner is on me.'—*Gov. Selwyn in Plain Times.*

LIFE.

Often, when I walk at evening in the still and solemn grove,
Thro' the mysteries of Nature do my wayward fancies rove.

And I seek to find a purpose in the sorrow and the strife
And the many-sided passions of this wondrous thing call'd life.

Life! the web of ceaseless effort, stretching thro' unnumber'd years,
Shot with golden-threaded laughter, stained by swiftly-falling tears.

Life! the symphony discordant, where the passages that mar
Echo down the sweetest cadence with their dull and paining jar.

Life! the dim illusive island, wrapped in floating vapors gray,
Where we act our petty drama, where we have our transient day.

One short space ago we were not; for a little while we are;
Soon our very names shall vanish into memories, faint and far.

Still we struggle with a fervor pitiful, tho' half sublime,
Dreaming that our deeds are destin'd to outlive the lapse of time.

One is seeking wealth and honor in the city's brawling mart,
While another tills the cornfields in the valley, far apart.

Here, a scholar bends o'er volumes of some half-forgotten lore,
While his comrade rides to battle over plains of clotted gore.

So upon life's narrow margin do we dig, and sow and reap,
Till at length the clouds enwrap us, and we sink in dreamless sleep.

Is it worth the ceaseless striving? Does the happiness we gain
Overtop the bitter anguish, compensate for all the pain?

Sorrow comes, and sorrow deepens; loss is loss forevermore;
Joy is fleeting as the foam wreaths wafted down a moonlit shore.

Nay, our very bliss is burdened with a faint disquietude,
Filling us with strange forebodings lest we lose this cherish'd good.

O, the pathos of our laughter! O, the mockery of mirth!
O, the sadness of rejoicing on this sorrow-laden earth!

Even while we linger fondly on the face we hold most dear,
Lo, the fading cheek reminds us that the parting draweth near.

Even while we pledge the wine cup at the banquet or the rout,
Hungry eyes are peering at us from the solitude without.

And the fairest flow'r-wreath'd Aidenn where the sweetest roses blow
Still must ever more be haunted by the far-off shrieks of woe.

Ah, the mystery of living! Ah, the hours with anguish rife
As we pass in wierd procession down the avenues of life.

Has it purpose? Has it meaning? Is there any wondrous plan
Rounded out and made more perfect by the little life of man?

Nay, in vain I seek the answer. As I lift my longing eyes,
Silent are the seas about me, silent are the deep, blue skies.

NELLIE BOOTH SIMMONS.

Brodhead, Wis.

DAKOTA'S SUBTERRANEAN WATERS.

BY A. T. COLE.

Second Article.

The sketches printed in connection with my article in your September number illustrated some of the peculiarities to be met with in probing Mother Earth "in the land of the Dakotas," yet alone convey but a faint idea of some of the facts sought to be illustrated.

In Figure One of that article was shown the false and true sources of supply of well water. This means, however, further explanation and illustration. At times when there is an abundance of moisture in a particular section the singular phenomenon of wells deemed to have a certain supply of water "going dry" is presented, and the reverse is also true, that in times of drought an abundant supply is present, and there may be an actual increase. The sketch, in this issue, entitled Figure 1, explains how this occurs:

No. 1 is top soil or black loam. No. 2 is brown clay, 3 blue clay and 4 a water-bearing vein of sand. Suppose the sketch shows a stretch of territory hundreds of miles in extent and the explanation is easy. At *a* is a well, and the source of supply is at *b*, hundreds of miles away. Now, it is evident that if there is a considerable rainfall at *a* and a drought or lack of moisture at *b*, the source of supply, the well is likely to go dry. On the contrary if there be a drought at *a* and an abundance of moisture at *b*, the source of supply, the well will not only not go dry but the volume of water may actually increase. This is true as to wells that have the best and purest water and are not dependent on local supply. For wells that depend on local sources of supply, local climatic conditions make or withhold the water. A large number of the wells of the two Dakotas, (outside of the Red River Valley) depend entirely on a restricted local supply, and consequently in a great many cases the water is brackish, bitter and impure. The second sketch Figure 2, will explain:

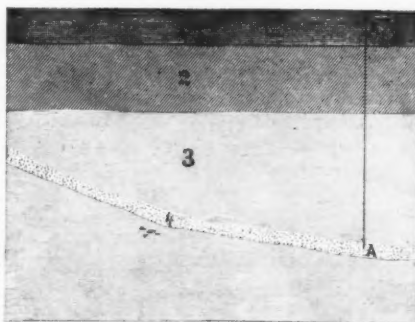
No. 1 is top soil or black loam, 2 brown clay, 3 local sand pockets and veins, and 4 blue clay. These local pockets and veins, (accepting figure 2 as representing a limited area,) receive their supply of water from that which filters into them from local precipitation and consequently the wells dependent on them dry up with drought and have an abundant supply in times of much moisture.

Throughout a considerable portion of North Dakota a top shale is found lying very near the surface soil—of which more hereafter. The tough, plastic condition of the blue clay which underlies the brown or red clay does not readily admit of the filtration of water through it into the true water bearing sand, and the layer of brown clay immediately above the blue rather favors the giving off to the upper soil of moisture it may receive than the downward penetration. All of these facts are important in their influence on crops and vegetation generally, and are rightly a part of the study of geology.

The deposit of soil is not uniform, regular or systematized. In places there is a regular stratified deposit, and in others a tumbled, or what might be called accidental deposit. Throughout the State, and particularly that portion lying near and bordering on the Missouri, the wind and rain of centuries have washed down the dirt and soil, also the gravel and rock, from the tops and sides of the hills, and are gradually bringing valley and hill more nearly on a level. This fact, too, is having its appreciable effect on the climatic conditions of the country, as we shall see before closing this series of papers.

The States here are considered as comparatively new in a geological sense, having not yet entered upon a state of maturity, and conse-

Figure 1.



quently man must in a measure supply that which in Nature is yet lacking. The glacial period, (as we shall see,) shares its measure of responsibility for some of the natural disadvantages or obstacles in the way of man which are sometimes the cause of much resulting damage. The last visible terminus and line of retreat of the great coat of ice that once wrapped this area in its chilly embrace is distinctly marked near Huron, South Dakota. Their terminal moraines may be plainly seen by the keen observer.

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Having now considered to some extent the manner in which the well supplies of water are obtained and the many chances against securing a never-ceasing and healthy source of supply, it

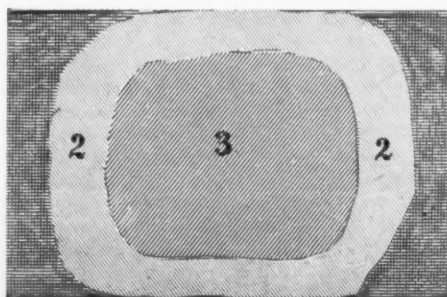
Figure 2



may be proper to consider some of the peculiarities of the soil which have much to do with droughts and the frequent parched condition of the ground.

The Dakotas have been partly built up by upheaval of the earth's crust and partly by the process that might be called "filling in," sometimes a gradual process and sometimes a sudden one. The upheaval process broke the superincumbent waters into many fragments, although a large lake continued to claim the country for some time before this division of waters took place. The remaining, or, rather, the markings of these fragmentary lakes, can be plainly traced in many instances and their former beds are frequently overlaid with a heavy deposit of black loam upon which luxuriant grasses or bountiful

Figure 3.



crops are grown. The third sketch, Figure 3, shows one of these beds.

No. 1 is black loam or soil encroaching upon the shore of the lake, 2 is the gravelly beach, and 3 is the sandy bed. Those of the lakes that have dried up within comparatively recent years have but little top dressing of black soil and consequently no vegetation. The older ones are those spoken of as yielding bountiful crops or luxuriant vegetation. Many, and in fact most of these beds are not recognized when the adventurous farmer ploughs and harrows and repeats the process from year to year.

Now, a word in regard to alkali and gumbo. Many of those spots or pieces of ground known as gumbo or alkali, are not properly such, but the remains of a swirling, dying mass of vegetable matter, water scum and the like. It is true that many pieces of genuine gumbo and alkali are met with, but they are not so numerous as reported nor as troublesome. Of this matter, however, I shall speak further in another paper.

Next in order to consider is the numerous presence of hardhead rocks. Most of them give evidence of glacial action, but beneath the top soil many are found imbedded in deposits of volcanic lava and are usually of a finer variety. In many sections these rocks are so numerous as to necessitate their removal or at least a portion of them, to make cultivation of the soil comparatively easy and convenient. They are most numerous in Southern North Dakota and Northern South Dakota, for reasons that will be explained in a subsequent article. Accompanying these larger stones is a very numerous deposit of the cobble variety. Where these lie on the surface or near it the soil is usually poor; that is, there is but a very thin top dressing of black loam.

Much of what is now the two Dakotas has had a considerable growth of vegetable matter before what now constitutes a considerable depth of top soil and lava clay was deposited. This vegetation was of rank growth and a coarse variety. East of the Missouri it grew only in spots and was thin and scattered. West of that stream there were large and dense fields of it. That growing in the James River Valley took root in a clayey soil, the clay being red and compact—quite different from that ordinarily met with. The outlines of some of that vegetation can yet be plainly traced and its character quite accurately determined.

Another matter of note in connection with the deposit of Dakota soil, is the fact that in certain parts there is a regular deposit of clay, one layer superimposed upon the other, and of almost uniform thickness. These deposits, on account of the large number of layers, very frequently pile up to the depth of many feet. The treacherous quick-sand bottom along the Missouri will also be considered in these articles, and some facts pointed out that may seem strange to the unobservant.

GETTING NEARER HEAVEN.—The theory that population in altitudes as high as Montana is likely to remain sparse is dispelled by Henry Gannett, geographer of the census. While it is true that in the area below 500 feet is included nearly all that part of the population which is engaged in manufacturing and commerce, the increase in the area between 4,000 and 6,000 feet is markedly in excess of that in the grades between 500 and 1,000 feet. "While population is increasing numerically in all altitudes, its relative movement is decidedly toward the region of greater altitudes," says Mr. Gannett. This is shown very clearly by the fact that the average elevation at which the inhabitants of the United States lived in 1870 was 687 feet, in 1880 739 feet, while in 1890 it had increased to 788 feet. And by another decade the growth of great cities in the intermountain region will lift our people still nearer heaven.—*Helena Independent*.



They say that water cannot rise higher than its source, and probably as a plain statement in regard to hydraulics

the axiom is true; but water can become better than its source, and many a stream which takes its rise in the green mantled bowl of a noisome fen or marsh becomes clear with the clearness of health after passing over the uneven and tortuous bed for miles, even though the brilliant sparkling of noxious gases be lacking. So, too, many a rivulet that has been muddied and soiled by the sluice of a mining claim in its rough search for the golden grains which struggle with love and fame for the dictation of human affairs, becomes limpid and crystalline as it bounds on its way down the mountain, carrying in its smiles and laugh and touch refreshment for the tired traveler and succor to the surrounding vegetation. It's an old analogy, is this comparison of life to a stream. Clear and pure in youth as it runs in old and protected channels, it becomes muddied and discolored in manhood as its greater energy abrades restraining conditions which leave their traces of conflict upon its character, and then at last merges into the eternity of the ocean, where individual identity is lost in immensity.

Such was the metaphorical musing that followed the opening of one of those square white missives which contain announcements as conventional in form as the paper is stiff and heavy. It was about in these phrases, for the reader will excuse some changes when the story is told:

Married.—Rev. Charles Glendenning and Elinor Howard Ransom, at New Rochelle, Ill., July 29, 1891.

Short, indeed, but within those lines is contained a sermon powerful as ever minister preached; it speaks with the logic of facts and is a living evidence of the power of self rescue and self salvation.

To vouch for myself, I must introduce my credentials. I am rather along in years and show, my friends assert, the appearance of a man of means; and, they say, one would have to look twice to see in me and my usual garb traces of the rough miner who in 1864 staked out a claim in Spotted Horse Gulch and took out in dust and nuggets enough to purchase comfort and give her the attentions of that fickle hand maiden, luxury, for the rest of my days. You know, of course, the history of Spotted Horse; it was the history of scores of mining camps in Montana. Old Bill Edgerton rode his piebald steed into the gulch one day on a prospecting tour. He washed a few panfuls of dirt and looked happy, a feeling which he expressed with a step or two of a jig; he continued his investigations for another day or two and his gladness found relief in a waltz.

In those days there were no telephones, very few telegraph lines, practically no mail facilities, but the news of Bill's strike spread by some unknown means of communication far and wide, and gulch, mountain and bare emptied their denizens into this new valley to tear up the golden pavement laid ages before by the hand of Nature. Some came on horseback, but these were men who were comparatively blest in this world's goods; most of them came on foot, and stakes marking their claims soon dotted the earth in every direction. During the day they carried the soil torn up by pick and spade in pans to the

stream that trickled down through the gulch and washed out the dull yellow nuggets. At night they curled up under their tents and slept soundly in that heavy slumber which like a narcotic dulls the senses while Nature repairs the frame. Some of the argonauts wrapped in their blankets lay under the stars which like flakes of gold were ever beyond their reach, but which glittered like the dreams that danced in reason's unoccupied halls.

A mining camp in itself isn't such a bad place. The men may be rough in manner and dress but a rude consideration for each other's welfare makes association with such motley characters endurable. But the clink of the first pick that strikes into golden ground seems to summon the dragoons of hell for invasion. The supply trains with flour and "sowbelly" cinched to the backs of mules guided by some daring speculator taking desperate odds against Indians, bandits and accident are closely followed by other supplies whose character is apparent from the "swash, swash" of the contents as that common carrier, the mule, picks its way gingerly over uneven ground. Under this advance guard come those harpies that harassed the adventurers of olden as well as modern times.



OLD BILL EDGERTON RODE INTO THE GULCH ONE DAY.

One day the camp was thrown into a furore. Log cabins had hardly begun to supersede tents when there dismounted in front of the building that served as a store and general assembly hall, a little woman as beautiful as a miner's memory of home, which grows more ideal as time goes by. The roughly carmined cheeks and eyes that glittered hard defiance to the eager stare of the idlers proclaimed her character. Inquiries soon discovered that she was to be the tutelary divinity of the "Forty-rod" saloon, and when, the following day, a battered organ arrived, every man in the camp was ready to swear fealty at this rude throne and the keenest rivalry for the favor of this goddess who had fallen from the crystal battlements of purity was begun. At the "blow-out" which followed the advent of the attractions at the "Forty-rod," and which bespoke the enterprise of the genial but nervy proprietor, Colonel Pierce, whose eloquence increased in direct ratio with the drinks imbibed, christened her the "Belle of Spotted Horse" from the name given the camp by Edgerton's piebald, and the "belle" she remained, for the camp never knew her by any other form or title.

The days sped rapidly along. The camp grew

and grew; enthusiasts talked of a city upon its site, but those who had seen the ephemeral existence of other camps were sagaciously silent. The work of the day was succeeded by the chink of glasses as the discordant notes of tuneless pianos and the click of the faro chips which, while never silent, rang out upon the night air with sharper distinctness. The belle continued to gain popularity. There were some sharp disputes about her preferences—disputes that sometimes ended with the peremptory exclamations of cartridges. The belle laughed just as joyously; perhaps more so, for she seemed to like to inflict destruction upon the men. She appeared absolutely sardonic to me in the satisfaction with which she led admirers to turn their hard earned dust into liquor which would have been less destructive had it been thrown upon the ground; coyly induced them to squander it upon herself, or risk it at the gambling tables of her employer. Evidently she was making reprisals for past sufferings and adding fuel to the fires of her wrath already kindled against the stronger yet non-tyrannical sex.

From the first, my old partner, Jim Howard, had been captivated by the little siren. Absence of standards, you know, does much in matters of the heart. The feminine traits apparent even through the hard veneer of vice captured the man and he became one of her devoted attendants. Howard had been nicknamed "old sober-sides" from his unexceptional habits and his attachment to the belle provoked much comment, although no word was spoken in his presence, for the man who had headed the posse which captured and hanged Buckskin Joe and his confreres in crime after a desperate conflict was not exactly the man to be highly chafed. Howard was for a long time an enigma to me. I did not believe that he cared for the belle as did others but one dark night made clear his motives.

I was picking my way carefully along towards our "shack" late one night when I heard people talking in an undertone. Precaution, which was second nature in the days of sporadic lawlessness, prompted me to listen for a moment. I soon distinguished a woman's voice. She was speaking with great intensity: "Marry you,—you are crazy; every one in the camp would laugh at you"—it was the belle. "I'll shoot the first one that dares to even look at me," was the vehement interruption, and I recognized Howard's voice. "Nonsense! You would have to kill everyone in the gulch. Jim, you know what I am and you are the only man who ever tried to make me do right. Do you think I would reward you by marrying you and dragging you down. I'd sooner marry the toughest miner in the camp. No, it's too late." "No, it's not too late. Quit these diggings and go away where no one knows you. I've got four thousand in dust and it's yours. For God's sake quit this life and go away. I'll—"

I stealthily escaped and went home. When I awoke next morning, Jim was up before me, white and haggard and looking as if he had not slept a wink. From that time he became more taciturn than ever, rarely went to the saloons in the evening and never to the "Forty Rod."

It was some months later that two important events happened. One morning the camp was almost in a panic—"Black Bob" was stricken with small-pox. In the absence of suitable precautionary measures and medical attendance that might mean an epidemic. Occupants of the cabins nearest the unfortunate moved hastily away; nurses were asked to volunteer but none came forward. Then a seemingly cruel precaution was taken. Guards were stationed about the shack in which Bob lay and he was warned not to come out on penalty of being shot. Thus

a day passed with public tension at the stampeding point. Then another sensation! The belle declared that she mould nurse Black Bob. To all opposition she returned defiant answers, angered at the interruption and she had her own way. The guards were withdrawn. Food was placed every day upon stumps near the cabin and, when its conveyors had withdrawn, the belle came out and got it. The situation became the only topic of conversation, the remark that the speaker 'lowed that no white woman had no right to throw herself away on any nigger trash' having many assents.

Howard was intensely restless when he learned of the belle's action, but he made no remarks. He worked in the drift almost without cessation while I was accustomed to do the household work. One day, while gathering a fresh lot of leaves for the bunks, I heard him call out my name, and rushing to the drift which we had been pushing into the hillside, I found that he had been caught by the caving shale. The weight had crushed in his side and blood was oozing slowly from between his lips. We had delayed too long the work of supporting the ceilings with timber. How I ever extricated him I do not know but I did and staggered with the heavy burden to the cabin. He rallied only once about an hour later and that was to say: "Good-bye—old man—give the belle—my stuff—and ask—her—to quit."

The belle knew nothing of Howard's death for she was a prisoner in Black Bob's cabin. Finally the day of release came. With fortune not to be hoped for, the dread disease had spared her, as if in admiration of her daring. I had been waiting to carry out my orders. I met her a few yards from Black Bob's cabin. The weeks of imprisonment had done their work. She was pale and thin but the defiant eyes had lost their deviltry. The paint and powder were gone and the woman appeared without their mask. Remembrance and recollection had done their work and conscience had scattered the signs of victory in every feature.

As she saw me she exclaimed with almost pathetic inflection, "Where's Jim?" as if she had expected his welcome, and there was a look in her eyes which would have made my old partner happier than to strike a new pocket.

Gently I led her to a log by the side of the trail and told her still more gently, for I saw even in my rough way how sensitive she was,



"CHRISTENED HER THE 'BELLE OF SPOTTED HORSE.'"



"GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN, GIVE THE BELLE MY STUFF."

the story of Jim's death and his legacy of funds and wishes. Hiding her face in her hands, she sobbed and sobbed, and then between her moans she told me about her long, silent watches in the outcast's cabin, the thoughts of her childhood's home, the retribution of an arrested conscience that lashed her for trying to revenge her wrongs instead of rising above them. "To think that he will never know the change," she sobbed. Gently as a rough miner could, I showed her how providence had prepared the means for escape from her past life, through Jim's money which would buy the entrance to another and better life. At last she seemed to see it in that way and we separated, with tears in our eyes at thoughts of this dead comrade.

The stage next day carried a little womanly figure closely wrapped up. When Hank Wilson guided his leaders by my place the figure raised a hand and waved me farewell and I have never seen it again.

When stage and boat and train had done their part, I am told that this little fugitive from conscience was put down in New Rochelle, for I have received a letter occasionally, for, in a sense, I am Jim's executor. Some of the money which had been received from the dust at Uncle Sam's hands was invested in a millinery store. The little woman's quiet ways, her modest appearance and her exquisite taste did the rest. The trade grew and increased and best of all she was a respected woman. An honorable man sought her as his wife years ago. A few days since her daughter who, I am told, is as fair and good as an angel became the aid of one of God's agents on earth. Here is the evidence in this wedding card.

Perhaps water cannot rise higher than its source, but sometimes a withered and scorched plant, when revived by the showers of heaven's mercy will bloom most beautiful and so this poor, battered human being, whose heart was turning to stone, took courage at the grace of Providence and, encouraged by the aid of man, rose from the depths of a mining camp to the dignity of faithful womanhood.

I would like to see the daughter, Jim's namesake, as you see by the card, but I am the only one who knows the mother's secret, save her husband, so we probably will never meet until we cross the dark divide. You understand, don't you?

THE contract has been let for building the Great Northern Railroad from Everett, on Puget Sound, to the summit of the Cascade Mountains.

A Trifling Incident Makes a City.

What trifling incidents shape the destinies of cities, to be sure. Such a trifling thing as too much whisky resulted in the city of St. Paul being located where it is. Father Galtier tells us, in a letter written as late as 1864, that the troops at Ft. Snelling drove away the settlers who had located across the river from the fort, because they had a habit of getting the soldiers intoxicated. The settlers thus driven away from Mendota strung out along the river below, and as they increased in numbers, it became necessary to establish a church among them. Quite a number had located at "the cave" (now St. Paul) and here the church was located, and here the city grew.

A Shadow That Has Come Upon a Tombstone.

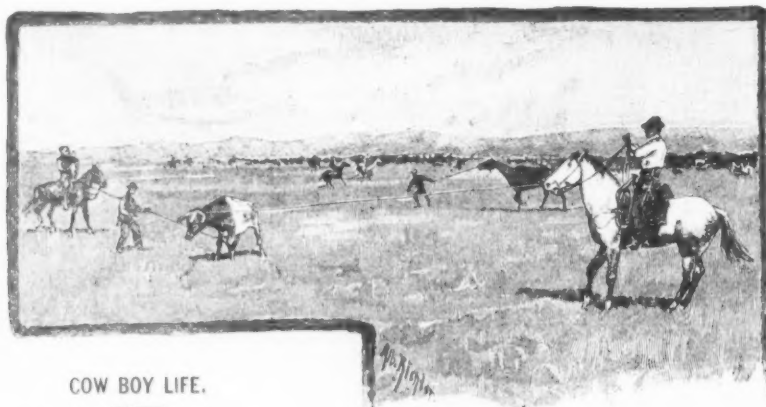
Mrs. Ralph Shaffer died last spring at Mendota, Ill. She had been married but a short time, and was one of the city belles. Mr. Shaffer erected a fine monument to the memory of his dead wife, who was interred in her mother's burial plot. The young woman's mother dislikes Shaffer exceedingly and refused to allow him to have his wife's name engraved on the stone. Not wishing to have trouble with her, Shaffer has not insisted upon doing so.

Recently a distinct shadow of the late Mrs. Shaffer appeared on the tombstone. It grew until the shadow became life size. The mother was wroth and had the monument-makers rub the stone down with pumice, but she could not efface the shadow. At first sight the shape has as much resemblance to a man's form as a woman's but by a continued gaze one seems to see a woman's semi-profile with bangs and with the hair done up at the back of the head. The neck and chin show plainly, as do also the shoulders, and there is a scarf about the neck. The features are distinct and bear a remarkable resemblance to the dead wife. The shadow is eight inches wide and fourteen inches high and is in the middle of the stone.—*Chicago Tribune*

A Clever Dog and Cat.

An engineer employed on the works of the Yverdon and Simplon Railway has a little terrier. As he was going away for some time, he asked a friend at Yverdon to take charge of his dog. Bijou knew the lady well, and was apparently quite happy and comfortable, but in about a week he disappeared. Mademoiselle J—naturally was much distressed, when, to her great relief, she received a letter from Lausanne from Monsieur R—'s mother, saying: Bijou is with us; he appeared on Monday." He remained at Lausanne a few days, and then returned to Yverdon by train. This he repeated several times, always getting out at the right station, staying with Madame R—occasionally three days. Needless to say, all the officials on the line knew him well. Whether he imagined he would find his master at his mother's house, or whether, like all the rest of the world, he wanted a change, as he could not tell us, I cannot say.

My next story is of a cat, a black cat called Bonnivard, who lives at Montreux; he has learned how to open the door. Your readers know, no doubt, that the Swiss door-handles are different from ours, going up and down. Bonnivard found by jumping on the handle he could open the door. There is also in this house a gray cat who is a great friend of his. One day Peter was outside and mewed to come in; his mistress was busy writing, and took no notice; Peter became more urgent; Bonnivard, who was asleep on a chair, raised his head and listened, and seeing Peter's wants still unattended to he got up, walked across the room, opened the door and admitted his friend. I have heard that black cats are the most intelligent, and tortoise-shell cats the most amiable, of the cat tribe. I wonder if there is any ground for this belief.—*London Spectator*.



COW BOY LIFE.

BY JAMES W. FOLEY, JR.

A round-up outfit, to use a distinctly Western expression, is composed of a mess-wagon (drawn by four powerful horses and carrying the beds of the cow-boys, food, cooking utensils, branding irons and other necessary appertenances), from ten to fifteen riders, a range foreman, cook and horse "wrangler."

In order to gather the beeves and brand the calves, ranging throughout a country of three to five thousand square miles in area, no small amount of riding is necessitated. Each cow-boy, therefore, must be provided with from ten to twelve horses, constituting, in the inimitably euphonious language of the West, his "string." He is forced to change horses at least twice each day, and those horses not in use are carefully guarded by that personage designated "wrangler."

Why he should be thus distinguished, I am unable to determine. Whether it is from his inherent disposition to quarrel or because of his frequent struggles for mastery with unruly bronchos, I cannot say. A wrangler who seldom loses his horses is a "jewel of great price," and is always in demand. And now, having by the brief description, familiarized ourselves with the general appearance of a round-up, let us imagine it to be about three o'clock in the morning of some delightful September day. The cook arises and awakens the horse wrangler, who proceeds, without delay, to saddle the horse which he has picketed over night, and look up his "saddle bunch." The cook then digs a trench about six feet long and one foot deep, builds a roaring fire thereon, unpacks his camp-kettles and food, and soon the appetizing odor of an epicurean breakfast pervades his immediate vicinity. The cow-boys are next awakened, and lounge in lazy sleepiness until the meal is prepared. "Fly at it!" cries the cook, at length.

The fastidious person would be inexpressibly shocked at the result of this stereotyped command. A general rush is made for the "dish-box," each one takes a plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon, passes from kettle to kettle, helping himself to whatever he wishes, and sits down upon the grass to eat. Breakfast is finished in an incredibly short space of time, and then the foreman gives his instructions. "Bones and Splinter," he says, to a couple of queerly titled cow-boys, "you will ride Davis Creek, bring down all the cattle you see, and drive to the mouth of Garner" (a creek about five miles distant) "where we will camp for dinner." And so on, he assigns the work, until he knows that the adjacent country will be well searched.

Now we see one of the most interesting spectacles of the day. A dozen or more half-broken bronchos are caught and saddled. No sooner do they feel the foot of the cow-boy in the stirrup, than down go their heads and they buck and pitch in frantic endeavor to unsseat the riders. "Don't let him do ye!" "Grab for leather!"

"Hang to him!" are the encouraging remarks passed from one to another, but derisively loud is the laughter, if one horse succeeds in throwing his rider.

At last they are off. Away go the "circlers," (as are designated those riders who are to search the neighboring country for cattle), at a good, smart gallop! Away goes the wrangler with his saddle horses, and, creaking and jolting, follows the mess-wagon.

After the arrival at Garner Creek, the cattle gathered during the morning's search were thrown into one herd and carefully guarded by two persons, while the remaining men rode to the wagon for dinner.

"Buck," said the foreman, after the meal was over, "you can come into the herd and help cut out the beeves." Fresh horses were caught and back they rode, to the "day-herd." A half-dozen riders the foreman stationed around the herd, while he and "Buck" rode into their midst. Soon each spies a steer fit for beef. A sudden dash, a jump, a short run, and before he realizes what has happened, some unwary steer is separated from his boon companions, and rapidly driven off until he stands alone. Another follows him, and another, until every beef steer is "cut out." The remaining cattle are then turned loose, to go where they will, but the beeves are driven along each day, with the wagon, until they reach the shipping point; and woe to the unlucky guard who allows any cattle unfit for beef to become mingled with them.

This task performed, they next ride to a corral in the distance, where have been placed a number of cows and unbranded calves. The foreman rides in, tosses his rope upon a calf, and calls out the brand upon the cow which it follows. The calf is at once seized by some by-standing cow-boy, who throws it down, and then sits upon its head to prevent its getting up. It is then branded with the device called out by the foreman, one ear is cut almost entirely off to distinguish it from an unbranded calf, and the operation is repeated upon some other unfortunate. Of course, in order to hold a herd of beeves, it is all-important that they be guarded at night. Accordingly, after supper, the foreman appoints those who shall stand "night-guard." These guards are of two hours duration, and necessitate the incessant riding of two persons around the herd for that period. At the expiration of the time, one of the guards rides to camp and awakens those two who have been appointed to stand second guard.

And now it is night. Scattered around the wagon are the beds of the riders, the occupant of each sleeping soundly. Here are no troubled dreams, no nightmares, no unsettled slumbers. Nothing is heard but their stertorous breathings, until we hear the cry, "Second guard." Two of the men arise, comment upon the injustice and mismanagement of affairs in general, and, hav-

ing caught their horses, ride out to the relief of the first guard. Such is the routine of cow-boy life, day after day. It is a life, which, while it has its pleasures, has, also, its unpleasant features. If, having just settled into a sound slumber, you are called from bed to relieve a guard, and, upon lifting the outer coverlet, you shake down upon your shivering self an avalanche of snow-flakes, your language will not be particularly choice, and some of the roseate-hued illusions of the pleasures of cow-boy life may be dispelled. It is laughable to read, in numberless publications, descriptions of the typical cow-boy, and then to see him, as he is. The cumbersome *chaparejos*, the broad, white *sombrero*, and the silver mounted bit and spurs are almost things of the past. No longer does the inevitable six-shooter grace the person of the Western cow-boy. A black, slouch hat, any kind of flannel shirt, a pair of overalls and high heeled boots, complete his costume, and it would be hard, indeed, to recognize, in him, the subject of so many fanciful descriptions, the material for which was probably obtained from some so called cow-boy in a "Wild West" show, whose nearest view of great Western cattle ranges was caught from the platform of a passing train.

A SIGH FOR THE GIRL THAT'S LEFT.

Do you remember the time, Ned,
We courted the self-same girl—
The girl with the raven locks, Ned,
Who set many hearts in a whirl?
Her conquests were numbered by scores, Ned;
But little we thought at the time
That we were to be 'mong the vanquished,
And dangle in pain from her line.

Those days were sad, dreary days, Ned,
And life had little in store
For those whose affections were torn, Ned,
Those hearts were bleeding and sore;
For the mischief those brown eyes did, Ned,
Was never in language told;
We felt it too deep to speak, Ned,
We both were so badly sold.

What changes the years have brought, Ned—
The ten that have passed since then!
We're both of us married now, Ned,
And happier far than when
The sun rose and set on the hill, Ned,
By the side of a deep ravine
Where the damsel we loved resided,
And where we were frequently seen.

I'm told you have babies three, Ned,
And smart little babies, too;
That's just one better than I, Ned,
For I have only two;
But mine are as bright as they make, Ned,
And happy as happy can be,
And all of it brought about, Ned,
By the love of their mother for me.

And here is a sigh for the girl, Ned,
A sigh of sincere regret
That with all she had to select from
She should be unmarried yet;
For the three best things I could wish, Ned,
To round and perfect her life,
Would be, to have her in love, Ned,
And a sweetheart, mother and wife.

Bozeman, Mont.

MATT W. ALDERSON.

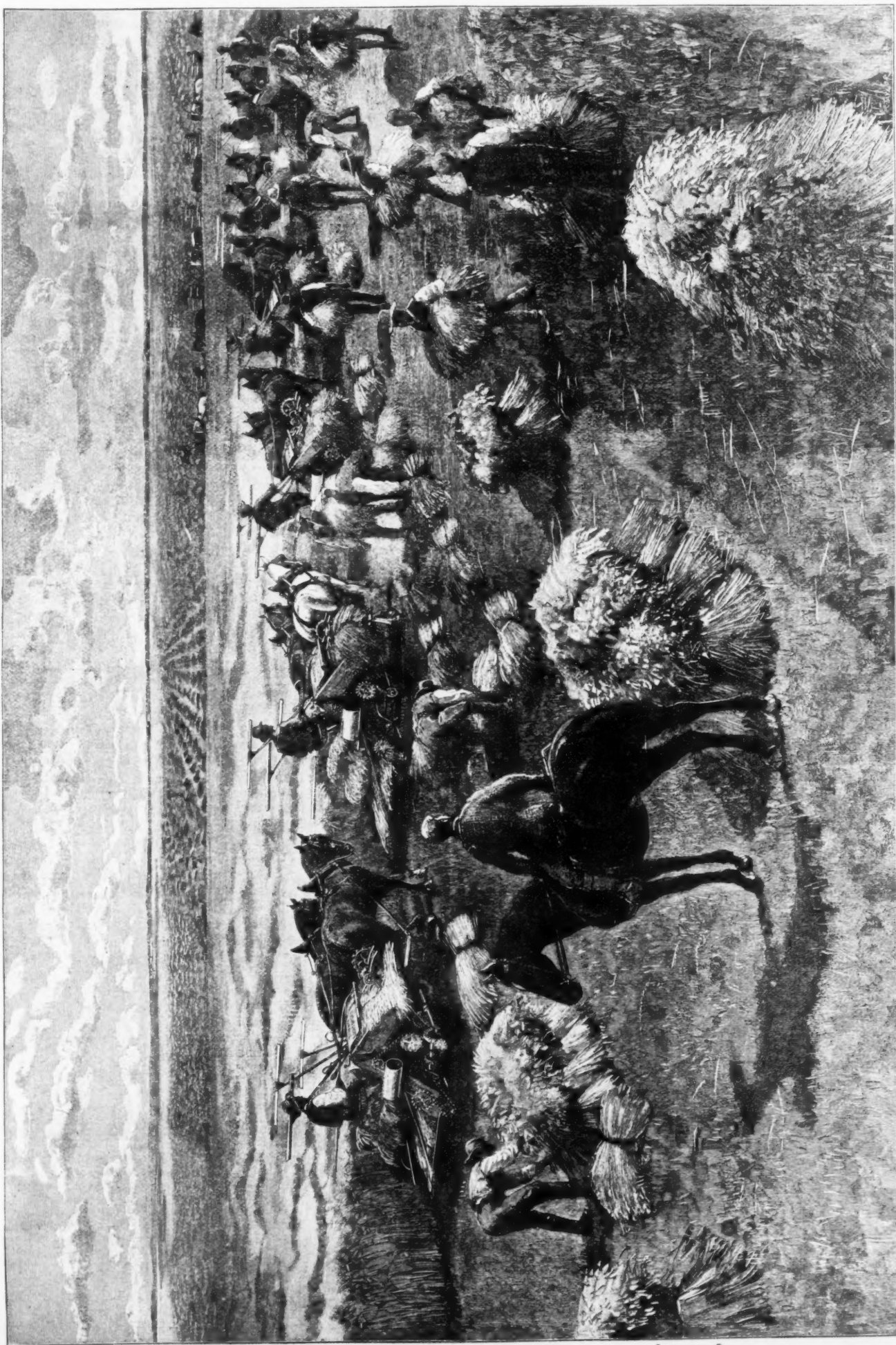
BIFROSH.*

Rigid the blue-black frozen skies impend,
Vaporless, moonless, full of saffron stars.
Still, level, snow-drest, to the far world's end,
Sweeps the lone prairie, tree nor hillock mars;
Pure chrysopease in faintest aureate bathed,
A beamy archway zones the northern lift;
(Like shoaling waters when the tide's pulse swift
Sweeps shoreward, and the sun-bright sands are swathed.)
Electric, ireful, wax the lights and wane;
From the arc's crown to zenith's height wins out,
Blade shapen, one yet mightier ray amain,
An Aesir sword to quell the Jotun route.
Superb, one lordliest planet glows serene,
Set for a jewel in the brand's breadth keen.

Pembina, N. D.

H. J. ROSS.

*Bifrosh, the Norse name for the aurora, this being the bridge of the Aesir connecting Asaheim (heaven) with Midgard (earth.)



A HARVEST SCENE IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY.

BROKEN PEACE.

BY MARIAN CRAIG.

It was a bad night; unusually dark, as neither moon nor stars were shining, and, for autumnal weather, very cold. The wind howled dismally.

"A very bad night, indeed," thought Bess Wilkin, as she stepped to the door and peered out at the impenetrable darkness. She held her lantern high over her head, hoping that its rays would help her to see a little ways down the road. She could see nothing.

Framed in darkness, her light, curly hair catching here and there a few gleams from the lantern, and her girlish features marked by strong lights and shadows, she certainly formed a pretty picture. She was just seventeen, the youngest of a large family of children, who by this time had all grown up, married and left the old homestead. Bess had many plans to carry out—of seeing something of the world and of enjoying girlhood to its fullest extent "before she settled down, so." She was quiet and gentle in disposition, dignified in demeanor; very fond of dreaming and her books. Her mother was constantly trying to teach her something of the ins and outs of housekeeping but in vain, for her tastes most decidedly were not domestic. Nevertheless, this youngest daughter was the pride of the old folks' hearts and they labored hard that she might not want for an "edification and sech like edvantages." So, during the winter months she attended a boarding school in the neighboring city.

To-night she was alone, for her father and mother had driven to the city and had not yet returned. "I wonder if anything has happened

to them," thought Bess, who was beginning to worry about them. "Surely, they ought to be here by this time, nine o'clock. The wind is blowing a regular gale and they say the old bridge isn't safe any more. Pa isn't as young as he used to be. If—" she shivered, set the lantern on the door-stoop, went in and shut the door. "Well, there is no use worrying, anyway. Perhaps they stayed in the city."

With that, she hunted through the various magazines and papers on the table, in search of something "readable," as she said. A gaudy baking powder advertisement caught her eye.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Bess, "that reminds me, mother said that if she was not home by nine o'clock that I should make some yeast. It's nine; she's not home. Oh dear! I don't know how to make yeast. But I suppose if Aunt Annie is to come to-morrow, we shall have to have bread to eat."

Slowly she moved about, reluctantly she consulted her mother's book of recipes and set the ingredients on the table. Then, by way of diversion, she read a short story in a newspaper she found on the pantry shelf. Finally, after wishing for the hundredth time that she did not have to make the yeast, she got to work. Now, she read that recipe through but once and forgetting her mother's careful injunctions—for she was a most absent-minded young person—she presently had the yeast coked up in an earthen jar and comfortably settled on the kitchen table. Then she arranged the house for the night and took her way upstairs with a parting glance at the clock.

"Ten! And I started to make that bothersome yeast at nine. One whole hour on a thing like

that; what nonsense! Why, I could have read—well, well, how does mother ever get through her work?"

Fortunately for her husband and household, Mrs. Wilkin was not like Bess; but, energetic and fond of hard work, scouring, scrubbing, cooking, and all that goes to make up the drudgery of housework, she could not comprehend her daughter's tastes.

The couple had gone to the city in the morning, and what with shopping, meeting old acquaintances and seeing the sights, the day was a short and pleasant one for them. But one more errand and they should start for home. Mr. Wilkin, a fidgety, but good-natured little man, left his wife holding the reins while he went into the store to make the purchase. It was on the main street, and the sidewalks, as well as the pavement, were crowded. Mrs. Wilkin was placidly sitting in the buggy, gazing benevolently at the passers-by, when suddenly a man of ugly visage and shabby dress popped up near the wheels, snatched her purse lying on the seat and sped swiftly down the street. The old lady screamed vigorously, as soon as she recovered from her surprise. That purse held ten dollars—it was precious to her—her "butter'n egg money."

"Thief! stop him!"

The cry was taken up; "Too bad the thief wasn't," Bess said afterward. Crowds gave him chase. The rascal dodged, out-ran his pursuers, disappeared. He hid himself in a cellar until the excitement cooled, then ventured out, and as it happened, took the road which led to the Wilkin farm. While he was leisurely walking along, the police were skirmishing through back alleys and cellars in search of him.

After much consulting with officials—more excited than downcast by the bold theft of their gold, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkin started homeward, driving at a jog-trot gait. Their lives were uneventful, quiet and peaceful. A visit to the city, the death of a cat, and the prospect for crops furnished them conversation for weeks at a time. Bess did not come home during the coldest weather and her letters telling of school life gave to this simple pair almost perfect happiness. Simply, trustingly, their lives had run on. Nothing startling had ever happened to them; they had known but petty events and had not come in contact with the world's wickedness and busy warfare. So the adventure of the afternoon quite upset them. Again and again they recounted the circumstances of the deed and in their excitement let the old horse set his own pace.

"Do let's stop a spell and tell Susan all about it," said Mrs. Wilkin. "Why, the very idea of sech a thing happenin' to us! My, but I was skeered; I never seen sech a wicked face, pa, never. How could the Lord—"

"Tell you what 'tis, Matildy," broke in Mr. Wilkin, "Ef I'd a ben a leetle nigher, I'd a thrashed him, I would. Next time you musn't be settin' so innocent like, Matildy."

"Thet's so, thet's so; but I guess he'd got it from you, John Wilkin, jest as quick. He was a bold, wicked man, I tell you."

"Wall, we'd oughter be thankful it wa'n't any worse, I s'pose. But won't Bess open thim eyes o' hers, when we tell her!"

"I never, never want to go to the city again, pa." And so they talked until they reached "Susan's." Susan was, of course, struck dumb with amazement. She soon recovered. "Where d'ye s'pose the villain is now? Didn't catch him? Goodness me! jest likely as not, he's skulkin' round these very woods. I must run 'nd tell Jim." When she got back—"It's gettin' dark. You've got a long ways to go yit. I hate to send ye to home, but the road's lonesome o' nights."



"AND BILLY, LAZY OLD BILLY, GAVE A SNORT OF TERROR."

"Thet's so, pa, we'd better hurry. Bess is alone and there's no tellin' what might—why, pa, we're a couple o' fools not to think o' her, settin' alone and like as not worryin' her pore leetle head."

"Sure enough," and he urged the horse on. They had a good distance before them. There was silence for awhile—but each was getting more and more nervous. Susan had put an idea into their heads which grew larger every moment. It made them apprehensive of the very rocks and bushes by the roadside.

"Pa," whispered Mrs. Wilkin, "I'm skeered. Mebbe he's hid in these very woods. Oh!" she gasped, "what's that right there!"

"It looks like a man," returned Mr. Wilkin in a whisper. Then he whipped the horse. When they had safely passed the stump—for stump it was—he said, "I'm kind o' feared, too, ma, but there's one thing, the old horse ain't dead quite yit and there's Tiger."

"You know well 'nough, pa, thet thet there dog Tiger, won't bite a thing."

"Wal, wal, ma, I can't help nothin'."

The wind wailed more disconsolately than ever; it grew darker and colder, and the poor old couple grew even more nervous. The road home seemed interminably long. The talk—and their excitement over the great and daring robbery had so wrought upon their fears and feelings that they expected every instant to see a hideous man—the thief—spring at them from out of the darkness. In that state of mind they neared home. Just another field to cross, now.

"Come, Billy, git up, old horse," piped Mr. Wilkin in his trembling voice, and Billy, lazy old Billy, to their great astonishment, gave a snort of terror and leaped to the side of the road. Here he stopped, thoroughly frightened. The two in the buggy were speechless. Then John discovered the figure of a man walking by the roadside, with a dog at his heels. "The man," he gasped. Frantically he snatched the whip and fairly lashed the horse. Terror lent strength and alacrity to his arm, and speed to the horse. They passed the stranger, yet on they dashed and never stopped until safe within the enclosure of the barn-yard fence.

They were soon in the house. Bess was asleep. "Pretty good thing we got here afore he did," remarked the old man.

"Wal, pa, I think we've hed 'nough for one day. I'll never get over this terrible scare; no, pa, I never will."

Mr. Wilkin put a heavy club at the head of his bed, "for fear the man should get in," he said.

The doors and windows were then locked, which is something unusual in a farm house.

They had been terribly wrought up and were still in that tense state of excitement. Rest was almost an impossibility; but about midnight quiet and sleep began to steal upon them. In dreams they lived over their late thrilling experience.

Suddenly—bang! a loud report—the breaking of glass.

Mrs. Wilkin buried her head under the pillow, expecting to be blown up, or murdered, or something, the next minute. Over the foot-board of the bed bounded Mr. Wilkin.

"I knew it," he cried, "thet was his gun. Hear old Tiger bark!"

With a club in one hand and a candle in the other, he softly crept to the kitchen door. He did not dare walk boldly in. Courageously he peeked through the keyhole. Then he opened the door.

"Good enough to blow the roof off!" he ejaculated. And then a roar of laughter greeted Mrs. Wilkin's ears beneath the pillow.

What was it?

Scattered everywhere—pieces of broken crockery; spattered everywhere—yeast!

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF FIFTY

(Seventh Article.)

SCHOOLMASTER, STUDENT AND PRINTER.

At the close of my second term in the little anti-slavery, woman's rights college in central New York, where many of the boys wore their hair long and many of the girls wore theirs short, I found myself seriously embarrassed for money. I was then in my seventeenth year and was beginning to feel the egotism and ambition of a young man. I determined to teach school the following winter if any district could be found to engage so young a master. Another student, two years older than myself, was of the same mind, and we determined to select the nearest county in Eastern Pennsylvania for our quest, having heard that there was no such surplus of teachers in that region as in our own State; so in November we went down by rail to the village of Abington, and guided by some directions from a friendly citizen, started out on foot along the half frozen, muddy roads in search of employment. We were so fortunate as to find neighboring districts where no teachers had been engaged. The trustees were impressed by the fact that we were fresh from college, and my friend was hired at \$18 a month and I at \$16, board being furnished by the parents of the pupils. The old fashioned custom of "boarding around" was still in vogue at that time in all the rural school districts.

While waiting a week for the date fixed for the opening of my school, I boarded with a solemn old blue Presbyterian farmer. He had no books in his house except a Bible, a hymn book and a copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and he took no newspapers, besides one religious journal. This man made exactly the same prayer, word for word, every day at the breakfast table. It began with a phrase which has remained in my memory to this day—"O! Almighty, omnipotent, everywhere present and rein-trying God," I could not make out exactly what the last attribute meant. My school was kept in a little red schoolhouse, standing on a half-acre lot which had been notched out from a corn field and facing upon a muddy road. There were a number of big, rude boys among the pupils, who were disposed to make things noisy and uncomfortable, until the biggest boy of all, a young giant in size and strength, announced that he was there to study and learn and that he would stand no more nonsense. He administered a sound thrashing to three of the other lads and thenceforth, peace reigned in the little red schoolhouse. I felt a warm friendship for this valuable coadjutor, who was always ready to catch and hold an unruly boy while the customary punishment of the switch or ferule was administered. In those days a schoolmaster who did not flog the pupils would have been thought of no account and would have been summarily discharged by the trustees. The boys were all accustomed to being whipped at home by their fathers, and they bore no ill will towards the teacher on account of an occasional thrashing. The punishment administered to the girls was to require them to hold out their right hands and receive a number of strokes on the palm from the teacher's ruler. The force of these strokes, I am afraid, depended a good deal on whether the master liked or disliked the offending pupil.

I boarded around the district in the households of the farmers, living mainly on buckwheat cakes, pork and boiled potatoes and finding no

source of intellectual nourishment save in one family, that of a man named Tillinghast, who had a few standard novels on a shelf and who subscribed for the *New York Weekly Tribune* and *Godey's Ladies' Book*. His son, a bright lad of twelve, was my most congenial companion. Mr. Tillinghast was a radical in religion and politics, and was looked upon somewhat as an Ishmaelite by the pious people of the neighborhood, although an excellent, good hearted man in all the relations of life.

My school was about two miles distant from the little hamlet of Factoryville and the exciting events of my life that winter were my regular walks on Saturdays to the postoffice, where I was sure to find a letter from my sweetheart back in the college town in Central New York. She was a plain, common-sense sort of a girl, the daughter of a clergyman, and her letters, written in a painstaking little hand, were sadly wanting in romance, but were looked upon by me as very precious treasures. It was thought at our college to be quite the proper and manly thing for every boy to have a sweetheart. I was exceedingly bashful and by the time I had worked my courage up to the point of looking around for one, all of the handsome and stylish girls had been pre-empted by more enterprising students. This was, no doubt, fortunate for me, for the influence of the clergyman's quiet, modest little daughter was a very wholesome one.

As soon as my three months term was completed, I drew my \$48 salary, paid my debt to the village store-keeper for a pair of boots and some trifling articles of clothing, and returned to the college at McGrawville. I immediately hired a horse and sleigh and drove twenty miles to visit my sweetheart, whose father was then preaching in the town of Pitcher. I was received by the old gentleman and the mother with solemn friendliness, took part in the family devotions and the family meals, and was evidently regarded in the serious light of an accepted suitor. Returning to the college I saw that my little store of money, then reduced to about \$35, would not last long, and I arranged to work mornings, evenings and Saturdays, in the printing office of a weekly paper that had just been established in the village. In order to lessen my expenses I cooked my meals on the printing office stove, living chiefly upon bread, milk, eggs and maple sugar. My table was a piece of board that I held across my knees, and my cooking and eating conveniences consisted of a tin pan, a tin plate, a spoon, a knife and a fork. I think my living expenses were not over ten cents a day. It was a laborious life, setting type from seven to nine, studying and reciting from nine to four, and then setting type again until nearly seven, but I thoroughly enjoyed it, and looking back to it now across the vista of more than thirty years, I think it was the happiest period of my life. The great world of knowledge seemed all open before me; the college library furnished all the good books I could get time to read, and I had the intellectual companionship of other ambitious young students. At the same time my vanity was gratified by the praise of the professors who used to refer to me as a model young man, working his way through college. I studied French and phonography with great zeal, mastered English grammar, worked hard at algebra and developed some talent for writing "compositions," which were read before the whole school, assembled in the chapel every other Saturday morning.

The publisher of the newspaper for whom I set type, a clergyman who had won some transient fame by a joint debate with Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, on the question of whether the Bible justified slavery, persuaded me, when the summer vacation in the college began, that I could make money going out in the country

soliciting subscriptions to his journal. I made a brief trial, with results that were instructive but unsatisfactory, and which convinced me that I had no talent for talking money out of other people. Equipped with a bundle of copies of the paper, which bore the ambitious name of the New York Central Star, and a small blank book, nicely ruled off for the subscribers' names and the amounts paid, I sallied out one hot morning in June on the dusty road leading through Solon to Cincinnati. Most of the towns in that part of the State bear classic names, given them by the young college-bred surveyors of the Holland Land Company, in the last century. I stopped at every farmer's house on the road, but did not book a single subscriber. Hot, tired and much cast down in spirit I arrived late in the afternoon at Cincinnati. After supper at the tavern I sat in a melancholy mood on the porch, thinking that life was a failure, when the kind-hearted landlord drew me out. I confided to him the whole story of my day's experiences. "Look here, young man," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder in a paternal way, "you'll never make your salt as a canvasser. I'll subscribe for your paper and that will pay for your meals and lodging. My advice is to go straight back to McGrawville to-morrow and throw up your job."

I followed this good counsel and returned to my printer's case. I could make fair wages at type-setting, although the price was only twenty cents per thousand ems, but I could get very little money out of the publisher. I took orders on the stores for part of my wages, and then foreseeing that the concern was doomed to speedy bankruptcy I resigned and went to Syracuse in search of a job. Two days spent in a round of the printing offices developed nothing. One evening I had my first experience of seeing a play—always a memorable event in the life of a country boy. The theater was a hall with a small stage and a few sets of rudely-painted scenery and the actors were a company of strolling players. The piece was of a historical character, in which King Charles the Second appeared in a scarlet mantle and a slouch hat with two big feathers. The players strutted and ranted in the then popular style, imitative of that great brawny and brainy tragedian, Edwin Forrest, but the performance interested me profoundly. Next day I counted my cash and found that I had money enough to take me to New York City, where my mother was living, installed as assistant house physician in what was called a "Hygienic Home," a water-cure establishment conducted by the then famous Dr. Trall, the head of the hydropathic movement in America. I took a night train to Albany and next morning embarked on the steamboat Daniel Drew, for the trip down the Hudson, a voyage that had been for many years one of my favorite daydreams of possible future enjoyment. Love of the beautiful in natural scenery was much more felt, I think, at that time than now. The poets dwelt chiefly upon the charms of landscapes and the different phases of nature and the novelists made a great deal of these themes. A keen appreciation of scenery was thought to be a mark of culture. The Hudson fully met all my expectations; and now, after having seen the Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe and many other famous streams, I think it is the most beautiful river in the world. I sat all day on the forward deck entranced by the panorama passing before my eyes. I had read Washington Irving and the Catskills, the Highlands and the Tappansee all belonged to my world of romance as well as to that of history.

Doctor Trall's establishment at No. 15 Laight Street, New York, was an institution the like of which does not exist at the present day. It was a water-cure, a boarding-house and a hydropathic medical college combined and it was a famous resort of people who would now-a-days be called

cranks and who then called themselves reformers. There was hardly anything in the world that they did not want to reform, but the efforts of most of them were concentrated on diet, health and dress. They all agreed in their anti-slavery and temperance opinions, and most of them were in favor of what was known as women's rights. The Doctor himself was a tall, thin, keen-eyed, long bearded man, who had written several treatises in favor of the water-cure and who carried on his college in a small building in the back yard under the ambitious name of the Hygieo-Therapeutic Institute. Here he taught that all medicines were poisons and that the only true means of restoring health were to be found in douches, plunges, shower baths and wet sheet packs. He was a strict vegetarian and allowed no meat to come upon his table. He did not forbid butter and milk, although they are animal products, but he was severe on salt and pepper, and many of his disciples went so far as to confine their eating to graham bread and vegetables.

This water-cure craze had a great run at that time. It originated in Germany at a place called Graefenburg and spread rapidly through England and the United States. Every city and every large town had its water-cure establishment. There were also many schemes of dietary reform afloat, among which the most popular was eating bread containing the bran of the wheat. This was advocated by a man named Graham, and there was some sense in it at that day, before the modern process of milling had been invented, because the old milling process left a great deal of the best nutriment of the wheat clinging to the bran. The gradual reduction process of the present day takes the flour off the bran so thoroughly that there is very little left but the woody fiber, which is irritating to the digestive apparatus.

I did not take very kindly to the life of the great city. The noise, dirt and the many indications of extreme poverty grated upon my nerves. I was a country boy through and through and longed for the woods and fields. Nevertheless, I found many things that were of intense interest. I heard my first opera in the old Academy of Music; it was "Il Trovatore," with Brignoli as tenor and Mme. Strakosch, an elder sister of Patti, as the soprano. This opera, with its wonderful wealth of melody, seems to me to this day to be the most delightful musical creation ever composed, but I am not sure that this opinion is not a result of the powerful impression it made upon me when I first heard it. The first New York theater that I entered was the old Bowery, where I saw George Fox play in "Faust"—the drama, not the opera—and where I also saw Charlotte Cushman in "Romeo and Juliet," she taking the part of Romeo very much to my disapproval. From that day to this I have never been able to take any pleasure in seeing a woman play a man's part on the stage.

I obtained employment at the case in a printing office on Vandewater Street where I set type on the *Jewish Messenger*. The foreman was a Jew and whenever any of us compositors came to a Hebrew sentence in our copy, we were obliged to take our sticks to him and ask him to set the Hebrew type. I lost my situation in a curious way. The firm had a volume of sermons to print for a Presbyterian preacher and I was put upon the work. The author used a capital H for he, his and him, whenever those pronouns referred either to the Deity or to Jesus Christ. I thought a page peppered over with capitals looked badly, so I did not put them in. When the preacher saw the proof he was so indignant that he secured my discharge. Through the intervention of a genial and friendly shorthand reporter named Ned Underhill, I soon obtained another place and worked on Beekman Street upon a Masonic paper for several weeks. My Sunday

church-going alternated between Dr. Chapin, who was then preaching on Broadway, and Henry Ward Beecher, who was in the first flush of his great fame. Occasionally I went to Spiritualists' meetings to hear Andrew Jackson Davis, a great apostle of the mystic faith, and the author of many books now forgotten, among them being a large volume called the "Divine Revelation," and devoted to describing the seven spheres of heaven and also the kind of people inhabiting the different planets. The spiritual lectures were poetical and full of frothy generalities about a future life, but I found very little solid information or real interest in them and soon dropped them for my steady favorites, Chapin and Beecher.

A number of the lady students in the hydropathic institute had adopted the Bloomer costume, and I have a keen recollection of my mortification in being compelled to escort two of these women in their short skirts and trousers up Broadway on a Sunday morning to church with all the passers-by grinning or laughing outright. My remembrance of the band of reformers gathered at Dr. Trall's establishment as students, patients and boarders, is that they were an exceedingly good-hearted set, full of aspirations for the welfare of humanity, but a little unbalanced on the practical side of character. Among them was a remarkable woman named Eliza W. Farnham, who wrote a book maintaining that women are not only morally but physically superior to men, having a more complicated and delicate organism and displaying greater endurance of pain and hardship—that they are, in fact, a higher order of beings who are destined, when the men should complete the rough work of the world, to take control of matters, reducing the masculine element to its proper and final condition of subjection. This radical theory Mrs. Farnham used to present with persuasive eloquence at little parlor gatherings held at No. 15 Lake Street. I was a good deal impressed by her seriousness and willingly admitted that she was a being superior to most of the mild-mannered, long-haired men who listened to her with approbation.

MAJOR EDWARDS' NEW PAPER.

The creditors of the *Fargo Argus*, who supposed that in foreclosing their claims against that paper they were going to freeze Major Edwards out of North Dakota journalism reckoned without thorough knowledge of the man. In less than a month from the day the Major stepped unwillingly out of the *Argus* management he issued a new paper of his own, the *Forum*, a very lively and handsome evening sheet. Edwards occupies a unique position in the newspaper field of his State. He represents the old boomer element in the Republican party and his friends stand by him. When he lost the *Argus* they had no organ and they made haste to write to the Major offering him money and good will if he would start another paper. Probably the purchasers of the *Argus* did not understand to what an extent that paper was the big Major in print—the outgrowth of his own positive and original personality, with a constituency made up of his personal friends.

The *Montana Mining Review* has been bought by an organization of leading business men in Helena, and the well-known mining expert, Prof. G. C. Swallow, is now in charge as editor and publisher. It is an excellent journal and has a wide field for useful work in the further development of the enormous mineral resources of Montana and the neighboring State of Idaho.

It is reported that the Duluth & Winnipeg Railroad is to make its terminus at Old Superior.



"Me and The Duck."

Once upon a time a gifted Baltimore colonel strode complacently from a noted restaurant in that rare old town. He had the rose of canvas-back duck upon his cheeks and the fire of extra-dry in his eye. "Oh, my friend," remarked the satisfied colonel to a friend he met at the threshold—"we have dined sumptuously to-day. Duck that would have cheered the effete stomach of Jove; celery that would have braced the languid Juno; Sauterne, sir, whose mild fumes would have cooled the wrath of Mars himself, and champagne that puts to blush the storied nectar of the Gods."

"Many with you at dinner, Colonel?" queried his paralyzed friend.

"No, sir; only two; me and the duck."—*Spokane Chronicle.*

Miss Mattie Was Not There.

Pretty Mattie Fake, says the *Banning Herald*, was at one time the only feminine station agent on the Southern Pacific road. The road decided to uniform all its agents, and the contract for making the clothing was let to the Cowie Bros. In order to expedite matters Ned Cowie sent the following telegram to all the agents along the line:

"Be on the platform when No. 19 passes with nothing on but your pants and shirt."

Cowie was thus enabled to measure the candidates in short order and pass on. When 19 pulled into Banning Cowie jumped off, looked around, and said: "Well, where's the agent?" A stalwart youth, who happened to be Miss Fake's brother, stepped up and asked if he was the man who sent the agent a telegram. Cowie answered in the affirmative, and the fellow started to climb him. It took half an hour to explain matters to young Fake, but everybody laughed so over the story that the company decided to let its country agents continue to wear overalls.

A Seattle Munchansen.

A gentleman from Seattle, who has been spending a few days about the city, has been called upon to answer a great many questions about the state of Washington. The other night, in a miscellaneous company, he was asked for the tenth time, "Does it rain all the time in your part of the country?"

The Seattle man inclined his head a little, paused an instant, and then said, in a very grave way—

"Perhaps you can form some idea about that if I tell you an interesting little thing about our daily habits. Of course, we saw at once, after we had set up a town out there, that the climate was too wet for cats; and soon the dogs went too. We tried to keep Newfoundland dogs and water spaniels for pets for a while, but it was too much water for them. Then we had a brilliant idea. We worked until we succeeded in training fishes to follow us around."

"Fishes!" exclaimed everybody in the company.

"Why certainly," said the Seattle man. "I have a fine Columbia River salmon that follows me down town every day, and waits around the office door till I come out, and then follows me back home. One of my neighbors is attended by a beautiful trout, which weighs about six pounds, and insists upon going every where he goes, swimming sportively about him the while, just

as your dogs here gambol off this way and that when you take 'em out to walk. Ladies in our town seldom go out shopping without their little flock of pet gold fishes darting around and brushing playfully against their cheeks. The ladies say that they prefer gold fish for street pets because they remind them of the sunshine they used to see in the East."

Trials of a Frontier Editor.

After you have been abroad in the land, some night, rushing the growler beyond the limits of your alimentary canal's endurance and have preambled home through the stilly darkness and get tumbled out of the rear bed room window upon a pile of tomato cans and old soup bones, and wife tells you in accents wild that your name is pants; or if through the bountiful provision of an all wise Providence you should be blessed with an eight or ten pound, troy, or mint weight, likeness of its dear, dear papa; or if your nearest neighbor's mother-in-law has declared that in the course of human events it becomes necessary to commence an action of forceable entry and detainer against him—her meek eyed, pale faced son-in-law, and doth mop the back yard with his carcass for monkeying with the juice of the bug, spending his substance in riotous living, or, if the dark messenger, the leveler of mankind, lays a cold hand on thy neighbor or thy neighbor's wife; or when thou meetest the scribe upon the street and thou possesseth all this knowledge of dire distress and human affliction and he asketh thee of the news of thy country, dost thou close thy lips like unto that of the oyster and converseth not yet howleth albeit that the scribe hustleth not the gossip from the gossip, for thy local paper? Thy last days shall be full of travail and when thy heels flyeth up thou shalt say "I am in the soup."—*Demersville (Mont.) Inter Lake.*

An Independent Western Postmaster.

A story recently published in the *Independent* recalls to a prominent mining man an incident in the early days of Pony, which, by the way, is an old camp. At the time referred to the town had about forty people. Of course they needed a postoffice, though no one could be found willing to take the responsibility. There was no money in it and the office would be a decided nuisance to the postmaster. However, a saloon-keeper, who was more public spirited than his fellow citizens, took the office. The office consisted of an old tea box, in which all the mail was dumped. The citizen would sort over the lot and take what belonged to him.

One day a gentleman came along and after glancing at the system turned to the postmaster.

"Don't you know that this is illegal to allow people to pick out their own mail like that?" he said.

"Well, stranger, I don't know as it is any of your business how this office is run," replied the postmaster.

"But I am a United States post office inspector."

"Well, in that case," said the postmaster, "we will finish up this postoffice in Pony right now." And he took the tea box and placed it in the middle of the road, and, with a good run, came down and kicked it clear across the gulch.

"There," said he to the officer, "now you go back to Washington and tell the administration that the accounts are closed up and the postmaster of Pony has resigned."—*Helena Independent.*

Shrouds Have no Pockets.

The fight over dead Mark Hopkin's \$50,000,000 goes gaily on between two men who are no blood relation to the man who made the money and then went hence. Funny thing about money, and the way it goes when not spent in life. An undertaker, very rich, once set out to make his

will, privily, that his substance might not be devoured by lawyers. Going therefore to a cheap thing with a sign called a shyster, he made his will, privily, at an exceeding small price, giving to his family all his wealth, and leaving a grateful friend for whom he had just at low rates buried a mother-in-law, his executor. This done he went to Hades. Learning there after a season, from a subsequent undertaker, that there was trouble with his estate, he cried out unto Jupiter with howls for permission to revisit the earth. The god, disquieted with the abundance of these howls, gave him a special hovering permit, good for one hour only, on the anniversary of his death. Hovering with this above a poor cottage, he found his thirteen children and their mother eating cold potatoes with a wooden spoon off a bare table, and the children reviling his name for his improvidence. Their step-father just coming in then, the place striking the precedent as somewhat chilly, he betook himself to his executor, whom he found with the shyster in a great house faring sumptuously on fine viands, and drinking of the strong waters of the Franks from bottles marked "Mumm; extra dry." And as he hovered unseen, they rose and clanked together glasses saying, "Here is to our noble testator," and that which had been the undertaker turned downward, and gave up his permit before the hour, and said: "Hades is better. But how Jupiter—how did they work it?"

Moral—Shrouds have no pockets.—*Astorian.*

A Sign of the Times.

In the window of a store room down on Washington Avenue where some repairs are being made there is a sign which reads:

"LATHER WANTED."

Yesterday, shortly after the noon hour, the man in charge of the work at the place noticed a dejected looking colored man promenading up and down the sidewalk in front, pausing each time he passed to spell out the words on the placard. Finally he seemed to screw up his courage to the sticking point and entered the room where he sidled up to one of the workmen inquiring:

"Be yo' de boss?"

"No," replied the man, "there he is over there."

"Ise done seed your sign," said the colored individual, approaching the foreman, "nd I reckon I'd like to wuk foh y'all."

"Ever had any experience?" sharply queried the foreman.

"Sperience—laws yeh! Wukked at it foh two y'ahs down 'n Kaintuck."

"Have you got any recommendations?"

"Oh, yas! Yas, boss—got a good kyaktah."

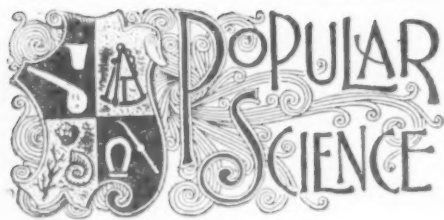
"Well," ejaculated the foreman, "you don't look as if you could drive hens to water, let alone nails."

"I kin drive nails all right," responded the colored man, rather doubtfully, and adding "Does yo fuhnish de soap an' de mug, coz if I has to do it I mus ask yo' foh a'dvance of some money."

"Soap! Mug! Why, man alive, what in the world do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished foreman. "I wanted a lather—a man to nail on lath."

"Why in de worl' didn't yo' put up a sign dat peepul 'ud onderstan' den?" indignantly queried the gentleman of color. "Hyah yo puts up a cyard an' sez 'Lather wanted,' an' makes good, respectable bahbahs wase vallyble time. Good day, sah! Good day! An w'en yo puts up a sign the nex' time I hopes yo'll stan' right at the doh an' 'splain hit, sah!"

And he walked out of the room and up the avenue with an air of frozen dignity which didn't dissolve until he ran across a dog fight around on First Avenue.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*



Weak Eyes.

Dr. Van Rheder, a prominent Belgian oculist, holds that the modern deterioration of eyesight is largely due to an increasing lack of opportunity for eye practice. We are not dependent on the gift of far-sightedness, which enabled our ancestors to dispense with telescopes; our range of vision is limited by narrow streets or the still narrower walls of our studies and workshops till our optic nerves get impaired by sheer want of exercise, just as our teeth have been impaired by the introduction of hash-mills and our arm-muscles by the invention of spear-superseding gunpowder.

A Use for Saw Dust.

A French writer has found a new use for saw dust. He recommends its use for making plaster, in place of hair, commonly used. His composition consists of two parts saw dust, two parts lime, five of sand and one of cement. It is also stated that the Technical Royal School of Charlottenburg has been making a series of experiments with saw dust, and has now proved that it can be used as building material. The saw dust is mixed with certain refuse mineral products, and compressed with a pressure of 1,500,000 kilograms to the quadrameter into the form of bricks. After this treatment, the saw dust forms, it is said, excellent building material, very light, impervious to wet and utterly unflammable. A slab of this substance was placed for five hours in a coal fire, and came out of the test intact.

New Use for the Hop Vine.

The *Gardeners' Chronicle* says on the authority of Mr. J. R. Jackson, of Kew: "The application of the hop for the production of a non-intoxicating beverage is a novelty that has attracted some attention of late. It is stated that an Assam tea planter, at the close of the last hop season, settled down on the Medway, near Maidstone, and with drying machines and tear-rollers, as used in Assam, succeeded in making a kind of tea, which though it cost twice the price of excellent Indian or Chinese tea, is likely to become an important article for mixing with the better-known beverage of that name. The infusion is said to contain all the tonic, soothing and nutritive properties of the hop, and when mixed with tea proper counteracts its astringent and tannin properties. A company has been formed in London for the sale of this tea, and it is now to be obtained from any grocer. A sample is shown in the Kew museum."

Electric Light Prospects.

Experiments recently conducted by Nikola Tesla for the purpose of showing how houses can be electrically lighted by lamps with one wire, or even with no wire at all, have produced a great sensation in Europe. Mr. Tesla showed that Geissler tubes three feet long were converted into brilliant beams of light by being held near a coil or a large sheet of tin plate connected with a pole of an alternating machine, and he remarked that if he had time at his command to make the necessary preparations he could have produced an electrical field capable of lighting up the whole of the lecture hall by means of similar tubes suspended at intervals from the ceiling. It is generally believed that the results obtained by Mr. Tesla will within a very short time lead to a complete revolution in

the artificial production of light, and that we stand on the threshold of discoveries even more startling and possibly more momentous than the invention of the dynamo or the telephone.

Eye-Stones.

Eye-stones are really portions of the covering of certain shell-fish. They are found at the opening of the shell, and serve to close the entrance when the animal draws itself within. They are of various kinds, but those used as eye-stones are hard, stony bodies, about the size of split peas, one-sixth to one-third of an inch in diameter, a little longer than broad, having one surface plane and the other convex.

When they have been worn by the action of the sea, they are very smooth and shining. Like other shells, they are composed of carbonate of lime. When placed in a weak acid, such as vinegar, a chemical change takes place, carbonic acid gas is given off, and in its escape produces the movements which are popularly supposed to show that the stone is "alive."

When one of these stones is placed under the eyelid, at the outer corner, the natural movements of the lid in winking push it gradually toward the inner side, and when it comes in contact with the mote which is causing the irritation, this is carried along and finally expelled with it. The belief that such stones have a peculiar detective power, and move about in the eye until they find and remove the irritating substance for which they have been "sent," has no foundation in fact.

It is interesting to know that in the lining membrane of the stomach of the crawfish there are found small bodies which go under the name of "crab's eyes," and look not unlike the true eye-stones. They have sometimes been mistaken for them, and presumably would serve a similar purpose.—*Illustrated American*.

Maxim's Flying Machine.

Mr. Hiram Maxim, well known for his many ingenious inventions, who is, moreover, a very practical and successful mechanic, has for some time past devoted considerable study to the subject of aerial navigation. His practical experiments in this direction, which have been many and various, appear to have crystallized into the form of a machine which might be called a steam kite. The experimental device consists of a thin sheet or kite four feet wide and thirteen feet long, which is propelled by a screw capable of 2,500 revolutions per minute. According to information given by Mr. Maxim, this machine, when properly inclined and pushed forward by the screw at the rate of thirty miles per hour, will maintain itself in the air; if the forward speed is increased to thirty-five miles per hour, it begins to ascend; at ninety miles its rising power is quite strong.

Mr. Maxim says he has already expended \$45,000 on these tests, and is now at work on a large machine of silk and steel, with a plane 110 feet by forty feet, with two wooden screws eighteen feet in diameter. A petroleum condensing engine will furnish the power. In his previous experiments he found that one horse power would carry 133 pounds seventy-five miles per hour. He had proved that the screw would lift forty times as much on the propelled plane as it could push. A motor, he says, has been built, weighing 1,800 pounds, which pushes 1,000 pounds, and will consequently lift 40,000 pounds. The estimated weight of his engines, generator, condenser, water supply (two gallons) petroleum (forty pounds per hour) and two men is about 5,000 pounds. Thus with a steam kite weighing in all 6,800 pounds he calculates on having an ascending power equal to 40,000 pounds, or 23,200 pounds more than the dead weight, say eleven tons. It is devoutly to be hoped that Mr.

Maxim will soon be able to demonstrate the success of his great passenger kite.—*Scientific American*.

What is Electricity?

What is electricity? This question is often asked, but, strange to say, rarely with a view to obtaining information. It is frequently used as a poser to floor some loquacious person who has been talking glibly of the subject. One who attempts to answer it seriously is looked upon as presumptuous. But we really know more about electricity than we do about gravity. Every day throughout this broad land school children are giving to their teachers what is considered to be the correct answer in the question. What is gravity? Yet the student who told his professor that he knew what electricity was, but had forgotten, has become the butt of a very trite joke. Of the true nature of the mysterious force of gravity little is known. The recent unparalleled advances in physical science leave us still in the dark as to gravity. It is the same silent, never-ending force which keeps the universe in balance. No one has ever been able to screen its attractive effect for even one single second. Go where you will, you cannot escape its force. It causes a stone to fall and a balloon to rise. It makes rain, rivers and mountains, but of its exact nature we know infinitely less than we do of electricity. Who has ever heard of a wave of gravity, and who can tell the medium by which its power is transmitted from sun to earth? It has been proved that light and electricity are similar manifestations. Waves of light and electricity are now almost tangible everyday things. Electricity can be generated, propagated and suppressed at will, but gravity goes on, always acting, never changing, and successfully defying the power of man. Many of the actions which are now ascribed to gravity were formerly accounted for in a manner which seemed quite as reasonable as our present explanations. The ordinary suction pump, it is now known depends for its action upon the pressure exerted on a column of water by the air; but in the time of Aristotle it was explained by saying, "Nature abhors a vacuum." It was observed that space seemed always to be filled by matter, and the moment a solid body was removed its place would be filled by air or water. Thus, when the piston of a common pump was lifted, the water was caused to rise, and the explanation was all sufficient. It was not until the seventeenth century that the defect in this theory became apparent. The Duke of Tuscany sunk a very deep well and notwithstanding the skill of his best engineers, the water would not rise in the pump much over thirty feet. Galileo, who was then near the close of his career, was appealed to, but he, after remarking that nature did not abhor a vacuum over ten metres, referred the matter to his ablest pupil, Torricelli. The latter reasoned that if it was the weight of the air which sustained the water, that it ought to sustain a much shorter column of a heavier liquid like mercury. He accordingly inverted a long tube filled with mercury over a pan of that liquid, and found that the mercury fell until it came to rest at a height a little over thirty inches, leaving a vacuum at the top of the tube. This upset the Aristotelian doctrine that nature abhors a vacuum and prepared the way for the law of gravitation. We know many of the laws of gravity, but of the thing itself we know nothing. It may yet be proved that gravity is also an action propagated through the ether. It would thus come under the domain of electricity, which seems destined to absorb all of the sciences. Perhaps, then, when the great secrets of nature are unlocked we may be able to suspend or screen its action at will. This would be a most stupendous triumph of electricity. Until the scoffer can tell what gravity is, let him not ask "What is electricity?"

Bacteria--Appearance and Growth.

Our systematic knowledge of the bacteria is still so meagre, so many species and doubtless so many families of them have never yet come into the range of human vision, and our glimpses of their life powers have been so fragmentary, that as yet we can only try to bring a little temporary order out of the chaos by grouping them according to their shapes. We find when we muster all the forms which have as yet been seen, that they all fall into one of three classes: spheroidal, rod-like or spiral. Further subdivisions of these classes have been made, and generic and specific names attached to many hundreds of forms; but over these details we need not linger now. How they look and what they do is here of more importance than what we call them. Although with the ordinary microscopic powers the bacteria look like little balls or straight or spiral rods, we find, when we use the most powerful and perfect lenses, that they consist of a minute mass of granular protoplasm surrounded by a thin, structureless membrane. When we put them under favorable conditions for growth, and give them food enough, they may be seen to divide across the middle, each portion soon becoming larger and again dividing, so that it has been calculated that a single germ, if kept under favorable conditions, might at the end of two days have added to the number of the world's living beings 281,500,000 new individual bacteria. In fact, if this sort of thing went on for a few weeks unhindered there would be very little room left on the earth's surface for any other forms of life, and pretty much all the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen which is available for life purposes in the world would be used up. There would be a corner in life stuff, and even the master, man, would be forced to the wall, and become the victim of his insatiable fellow-worlder, the bacterium. But, as it happens, this sort of thing does not go on; the food grows scanty; or the temperature becomes unfavorable; or the sun shines hot—and the sun is a sore enemy of your growing bacterium; or, as it grows and feeds, the germ gives off various chemical substances which often soon poison itself, or its fellows, or both together. So the proportion is preserved by such a fine balance of the natural forces that the bacteria in the long run are held closely within bounds the world over.—*T. M. Pruden in Harpers' Weekly.*

Photographs Sent by Wire.

Noah S. Amstutz, of Cleveland, the inventor of the process for transmitting pictures by electricity, is a little man, with a full beard, and wearing iron-bound spectacles. For six long years he has followed his pet idea, until now he feels certain that complete success is about to crown his efforts. Mr. Amstutz's invention is not the first in this line, but none of the others have gone much beyond the visionary stage. He seems to have learned the secret which other inventors sought for in vain. Change is the one word which explains it all. Variation is the better word, for he has learned how to reproduce a variable surface by means of a variable current of electricity, and that discovery is the key to his success. All electricians, and everybody else, for that matter, know that the pressing down of a telegraph key in Cleveland will cause the armature of a sounder in New York or Chicago to click, but it requires only a steady current of electricity to produce that result, and the armature of the sounder moves with each click the full distance allowed to it within prescribed limits. Put into the wires a variable current which will cause an armature to move much or little, to flutter or dance at the will of the sending operator, and you have solved the problem on which Mr. Amstutz has worked for years, and

which he has mastered at last. The machine or apparatus on which Mr. Amstutz has labored so long is apparently a very simple mechanical electrical device. It consists of a metal framework about a foot square and much like the frame of a typewriter, which supports a brass cylinder three inches in diameter and about eight inches in length. Above this cylinder is a metal vibrator attached to a carriage which at the back is fed transversely by a feed screw. The front end of the carriage travels on one of the bars of the frame as the carriage is moved slowly by the feed screw from right to left across the top of the cylinder. Attached to the carriage where the feed screw passes through it are the wires carrying the electric current. Extending along the lower side of this carriage is the delicate vibrator referred to above, to one end of which, and directly over the brass cylinder, is a tracer that can be raised or lowered by means of a set screw.

Suspended over the other end of the vibrator are seven little platinum contacts, against which the vibrator presses as it rises, making connection with the resistances which give variation to the electric current. An electric motor is used to turn the cylinder and feed the screw. The process of transmitting the picture seems simpler than the apparatus by which it is done. From a photographic negative a gelatin print is made (being a stripping film). This print has a variable surface, the plane surfaces being white and the various elevations showing greater degrees of shade as they increase in height. The gelatin print, for convenience, is mounted on a strip of celluloid, which is passed around the brass cylinder, and by means of screws is drawn tightly into place, the picture lying around the cylinder with its face up. When everything is in place the tracer attached to the vibrator is so adjusted that its point will run smoothly over the lowest surface of the picture, the electric motor is started, and the cylinder begins to move. It revolves about twenty times the minute. The picture passes under the tracer, which, dancing over the variable surface, raises and lowers the vibrator, constantly changing, though not entirely breaking the electric current by which the picture is being sent. The feed screw turns very slowly, and the cylinder bearing the picture makes about eighty revolutions while the tracer is moving transversely over an inch of the space along the top of the cylinder. In other words, the tracer passes eighty times from top to bottom of the picture in a space an inch wide, touching every particle of the surface within the space and giving to the electric current all the variations of light and shade as represented by the variable depressions and elevations in the gelatin print. The fineness or coarseness of the work of the apparatus is regulated entirely by different sets of gears. At the other end of the wire is the receiving cylinder, which is exactly synchronized with the one from which the picture is sent, so that its revolutions are the same. On the receiving cylinder, which fits into a metal frame like the other, is a thin sheet of paraffine wax. Adjusted over this sheet of wax is a "V"-shaped "graver," or little steel point attached to a carriage which works on a feed-screw similar to that used on the sending cylinder. The current coming over the wires passes through the magnets, having variations corresponding to the variations of light and shade of the photograph being sent. As soon as the electricity is applied at the sending end and the cylinder there is started, the receiving cylinder also begins to move. As the tracer moves up and down over the variable surface of the gelatin film, so the "graver" on the receiving cylinder rises and falls, cutting into the sheet of wax, and reproducing in exact detail the variations of light and shade in the picture on the sending

cylinder miles away. When the sending of the photograph has been finished, there is on the wax sheet an exact reproduction of the picture in relief lines, varying in width and depth with the light and shade of the gelatin film from which it was sent. The sheet of wax is then taken from the cylinder, warmed slightly, and pressed out flat. From its surface can be printed proofs of the picture, or from the wax engraving—for that is what it really is—can be made a plaster mould from which a type metal cut can be cast. The time elapsing between the turning on of the electricity, for the sending of a picture two inches square and the casting of the cut, ought not to be more than twenty-five minutes. The time will of course vary with the size of the subject. Sketches made in half tone, with variations in light and shade (not simply outline), those approaching the style of an India ink wood drawing, etc., can be so made under the process that as soon as completed they may be placed upon the cylinder of the transmitter and automatically sent to a distance and there made into an engraving which is the reproduction itself. This step will enable a special correspondent to send his sketches so as to reach the home office as soon as any press dispatches. It will no doubt be understood that the result arrived at is the correct reproduction of the photograph with all its variations of light and shade, hence its accuracy. The engraving is a special feature of the device. While the result will have an appearance similar to the well-known half-tone engraving, it will not, however, have any of the disadvantages of this process when used for regular newspaper work, namely, the filling up of the lines because of their shallowness, and the ultimate breaking down of them because of their not being strong enough to sustain the heavy pressure of the large cylinder presses. The cutting is done by an electrical mechanical device, which can be adjusted so as to go a greater or less depth without destroying the fineness of the work. With chemicals this is impossible. A modified receiver is also used, in which the carriage is the same as the one described above, but the support for the material upon which the record is to be made is different, being a reciprocal table having a block of soft metal instead of the cylinder and its sheet of wax. The manner of cutting is different also, because on the metal a rotary cutter is used instead of the "V"-shaped graver used on the wax. When the engraving is completed in the metal, proofs can be taken direct, or the block can be stereotyped by the ordinary methods and at once placed in the forms and on the press for printing. Mr. Amstutz has made several tests of the apparatus, all in private. The first was made on March 27th, 1891, and the last on the seventeenth of July. He chose for his first subject a picture showing a house interior with three persons sitting at a table. There was too much detail in this picture for good work as a first attempt. The next subject was a photograph of Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, whose dress, covered with lace and embroidery, made a difficult surface to work upon. The result was a very good likeness. The last test was upon a photograph of himself, and the result showed decided improvement over the previous tests. The main obstacle now to be overcome is the adjustment of instruments, which must be exact to a hair's breadth. The principal has been conquered, and it is only a question of time when the mechanical difficulties will be overcome.

PRAIRIE DOGS DIG WELLS.—A Wyoming man who has investigated says prairie dogs obtain water for drinking by digging wells. Each village has one with a concealed opening. He says he knows of several of these wells from 50 to 500 feet deep, each having a circular stairway.

IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

The Red River of the North is a very peculiar and a very interesting stream. It is one of the five important rivers in the United States that run in a northern direction, the list comprising, besides the Red, the Yukon, in Alaska, for the first half of its course, the Willamette, in Oregon, the San Joaquin, in California, and the St. John's, in Florida. The Red is a boundary river, separating two States—Minnesota and North Dakota. It drains the greatest wheat producing district in America, a region that has been aptly called the world's bread-basket. It has a history that reaches back into the last century, to the epoch of early Canadian exploration and romantic adventure. After the French voyageurs had explored its sinuous channel, pushing their batteaux up to La Grande Fourche, now Grand Forks, the Earl of Selkirk's colonists established themselves on its banks in the first decade of the present century. A quarter of a century before Chicago was founded Pembina was an established town and the Catholic missionaries had built their church of St. Boniface further down the stream under the protection of Fort Garry, the ruined gateway of which now stands near the business center of the city of Winnipeg. Through the woods and across the prairies of Minnesota can still be traced the deep-worn ruts of the old Red River trail, that led from the Upper Mississippi settlements to Pembina and Fort Garry and was traversed by long trains of fur-laden carts. For a few years after the Sioux outbreak of 1862 the Red River was the border line between savagery and civilization until the Indians were forced beyond the Missouri by the expeditions of Sibley and Sturgis. Then came the epoch of the little steamboat, connecting on the upper river near the mouth of the Wild Rice, first with the clumsy Red River carts, and later, in the '70s, with the railway. Now the entire valley is so belted with steel roads that from one end to the other it is not easy to find any place from which a moving train cannot be seen on the horizon, in one direction or another at some hour of the day. So enormous is the grain tonnage

furnished by this wonderful valley that there is probably no equal area in any Eastern State, away from the near vicinity of great cities, that has as many miles of railroad.

The Red River of the North drains the overflow of more than a hundred lakes in the hardwood country of Northern Minnesota. Having at last collected its water supply into a single channel, it leaps down from the region of groves and hills over three closely-successive cascades, at Fergus Falls, and enters the great level plain of the valley. Flowing westward it is joined at Wahpeton and Breckenridge by the Bois de Sioux and then strikes off due north for nearly three hundred miles, losing itself at last in Lake Winnipeg. It receives a great many pretty forest bordered streams, dignified on the maps with the name of river, but its only important affluents are the Red Lake River, which drains the big lake of the same name in the heart of the Minnesota pineries and enters the main stream at Grand Forks, the Pembina, flowing close to the International boundary, and the Assiniboine, whose point of confluence is at Winnipeg.

The Red River of the North is navigable from Lake Winnipeg to Fargo, and in the early days of settlement in the valley its narrow channel, resembling save for its crookedness a canal, was an important artery of commerce. When the railroads ran down the valley on both sides there was little left for the steamboats and the grain barges to do. In the last few years, however, the increase of population and of cultivated acreage along the shores of the stream makes new business for the water route, many farmers finding it more convenient to ship their grain from the river bank than to haul it a few miles to the elevators on the railways. Congress has made small appropriations of late to improve the navigation and the engineers have been carrying on operations this past season, with Grand Forks as their headquarters.

The broad, level floor of this great granary of the Northwest—the Red River Valley—is dotted with villages and towns. Its chief centers of population are Wahpeton, with its Minnesota neighbor, Breckenridge, in the upper valley, Fargo and Moorhead, separated only by the nar-



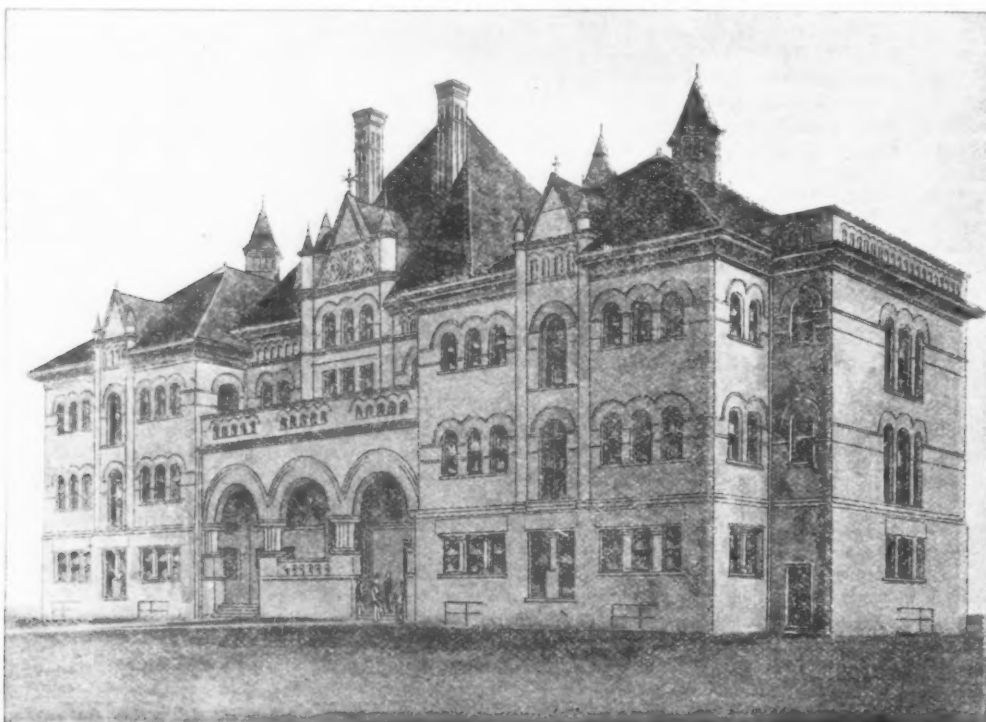
MOORHEAD.—HOPE ACADEMY.

row river, is the middle valley, Grand Forks, in the lower valley, Crookston, on the Red Lake River and Winnipeg, down in Manitoba. To these might be added a long catalogue of smart towns, ranging in population from 1,000 to 4,000, such as Grafton, Pembina, Drayton, Hillsboro and Mayville. The entire valley, geologists tell us, was once the bed of a lake. Now it is a sea of yellow grain every year before the reapers begin their work—a glorious sight, symbolical of abundance and prosperity. Its future is not a matter for speculation. Its soil is of phenomenal depth and astonishing fertility. It is destined to increase steadily in population and production. Its villages will grow to towns and its towns to cities and in a few years it will not have a single section of land that does not contribute to the world's food supply.

MOORHEAD, CLAY COUNTY, MINN.

Every loyal citizen of Moorhead is confidently looking toward the coming spring with inspiration born of the recent wave of prosperity that swept the Red River Valley from end to end. He expects no more for his community than the situation justifies; but there are so many reasons why its growth in population in the near future should be uncommonly rapid and substantial, that he would be looked upon as lacking public spirit, did he not exhibit some enthusiasm on the subject. Not since the United States Government, over twenty years ago, commenced selling at auction the lands in Western Clay County has there been such a thrifty condition. The lands were divided up into small farms and faithfully tilled year after year with almost invariably good results, but never was such a crop gathered as has blessed the farmer this season. And, unlike many of the newer localities to the west and north, the farmers of Clay County were prepared to handle the immense yield of grain without loss or delay. It is not in the natural order of things that they should withhold the news of their good fortune from the friends and relatives in the Eastern and Middle States or in Europe, and as there is plenty of land just as fertile and convenient to market yet unoccupied, and that can be obtained at low prices and on easy terms, a great many new families may be expected within the next four or five months. The efforts of the Northern Pacific towards settling the thousands of acres in Clay and Norman counties, which the company came into possession of recently, are also expected to greatly increase the productive population of the region.

Moorhead's importance as a trade center will be thus very largely



MOORHEAD.—STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

added to, and manufacturing enterprises will doubtless be called into existence that will furnish a profitable home market for the flax, oats, potatoes and other products of the soil, and supply the tributary country with linseed oil, starch and oatmeal; possibly building up a more extended traffic in these staples. Coal is about as cheap at Moorhead as in the Twin Cities, and the abundance of timber not far away insures a supply of wood that is unlimited and inexpensive. In the eastern part of the county is a considerable growth of hardwood which could be made useful. A wood manufacturing concern of any description would prosper here, the material, the market and the transportation facilities being already at hand. A pulp factory, also, would be a paying investment, in which the thousands of tons of straw that is annually destroyed could be used. Another and larger flouring mill than either of the two in operation now could be made very profitable, as are the several big mills in various parts of North Dakota. There are a number of broad-gauged, progressive spirits in Moorhead who would cheerfully assist any new enterprise of the kinds mentioned, or any other of a useful nature. All reasonable encouragement would be extended to a project that would add to the town's productive industries.

The eastern part of Clay County, which is practically a portion of the famous Park Region of Minnesota, is thickly peopled with industrious, thrifty Scandinavian farmers. These lands were originally Government and railroad property and have become valuable. One or two large sheep ranches and a number of small ones are located in this section, bringing big profits to their owners. Several small lakes in



MOORHEAD.—THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.



MOORHEAD.—THE THIRD WARD SCHOOL BUILDING.



MOORHEAD.—CONCORDIA COLLEGE.

the neighborhood insure a good water supply, and the high, rolling ground produces excellent grasses. Following along the Buffalo—a small winding stream that has its source in Becker County and flows westward, then to the northwest and into the Red River at Georgetown, sixteen miles north of Moorhead—a wonderfully rich agricultural region is passed through, the lands of which are farmed mostly by Norwegians, some of whom settled there twenty to twenty-five years ago. To the north,

up through the middle of Clay and into Norman County are many sections, half and quarter sections of fine land purchased through a commissioner while the ownership was in dispute, the Manitoba and the Northern Pacific both claiming it; but which the courts recently decided were the property of the latter company. A great portion of this immense tract is yet unoccupied, but fully as desirable as the sections settled upon. At least three times the present number of farmers could be located in this region without crowding. It is all adapted to diversified farming and stock raising, and has the advantage of being already a settled community, even though it is scattered. Moorhead business men are anxious to see this land all taken up and made productive.

The Red River, a stream that is here not more than 150 feet wide, is all that marks the boundary line between Fargo, on the Dakota side, and Moorhead, on the Minnesota side. Were they in the same State they

would long ere this have been one town—or city, rather. As it is, their interests are identical. The representative men of either place allow no jealous thoughts to occupy their minds for an instant. A very few, who occasionally manage to make themselves heard, remind one of the dog which always considers it his duty and a mark of loyalty to his owner to bark at the dog on the other side of the fence. But these few are growing fewer and feebler, and will soon be heard no more in the land.

A gentleman whose prominence and knowledge of the Northwest should give his statements weight, said to me one day in November, that he believed the next ten years would be the most prosperous era this section has ever seen. "In the country between the Mississippi and the Missouri a greater, more substantial development will take place within the next decade than has yet been witnessed," he added, "and all those in a position to judge or are qualified to speak on the subject say the same thing.

"And there is something else I want to say to you," he continued, "about the country tributary to these two towns of Moorhead and Fargo. There are not more than 40,000 people in this region, and the country would easily support 250,000. Many thousands of quarter-sections of good land are lying idle, which would make industrious purchasers independent in a year or two of average crops. In these two towns are less than 10,000 people, or, say, one-fourth the total. In Ohio more than one-half their three million souls live in cities of over 4,000 population. The fact is significant, as showing that the agricultural interests have developed more rapidly than the towns have grown. There are scores of farmers in this country who came here during the past ten years with little or nothing and are now worth \$10,000 to \$50,000. These rich, level prairies make better returns in food products for the same amount of labor than in any country I know of. The soil in the Red River Valley is thirty feet deep, and vegetable deposits are found far below the surface. It requires no fertilizing. Take the strip of territory in Minnesota bordering the Red River from Detroit to the international boundary; it is about the same area as the State of Massachusetts. Now, any one township in the section named will produce as much, in an agricultural way, as any ten in that State. Another interesting fact is that while there are forty-two cities in Massachusetts ranging in population from 10,000 to 450,000, the same territory, as described, in Minnesota, contains only two towns of more than 2,000 inhabitants. But the time is not far distant when all this fine country will swarm with life. It cannot remain thus very long. The lands are so cheap, the climate so healthy, and transportation so accessible and reasonable that it may be set down as the safest place for investment of any of the newer portions of the United States."

From the roof of the State Normal School building twenty-three grain elevators can be seen, and they are all big ones, located on the eight lines of railroad that radiate from Moorhead and Fargo. The Moorhead banker who gave me this item remarked impressively, "We do not go much on the picturesque, but if you are looking for substantial evidences of prosperity, we've got them to show at all seasons of the year." The Northern Pacific and Great Northern have 122 miles of road in Clay County. The county's population is less than 12,000 in the thirty townships, and at least 50,000 could exist comfortably and profitably therein. By way of comparison between older and newer portions of the State, Stearns County, just south of the State's geographical center, has 34,000 people, with no more advantages. The population of Clay County and adjacent territory is mixed, consisting of Americans, Germans, Canadians

and Scandinavians. The growth has been comparatively slow, but has doubled in the past ten years. Nearly all the farmers are well-to-do and improving each year. A great deal of live stock is scattered over the country, much of it being a superior grade. To J. J. Hill is due credit for improving the general run of stock in the Red River Valley, he having presented to farmers Polled Angus and Shorthorn bulls of the purest strains to an estimated value of \$200,000. One of the best stock farms in the State—as regards blood—is located near Moorhead, where animals of the finest strains are bred. Those noted for milk are handled most extensively, and the industry has proved very successful. Mutton sheep are also a very profitable product that is growing in extent.

In 1873 one firm bought the entire wheat crop of the Red River Valley, which amounted to two wagon loads. The contrast with the present year is interesting, when something like 50,000,000 bushels were harvested. But there has not been an unreasonable advance in the prices of lands, as might be expected. Good soil is yet to be had at from eight to twenty-five dollars an acre, and even at prices considerably above the former figures recent purchasers have paid for their farms from this year's crop. One man borrowed the biggest part of \$5,400 with which to buy a farm, last fall, and gathered from it \$4,000 in crops, this season. Another bought a farm for \$3,100 and rented it on half-crop payment terms, his own note being due in '95. He received \$2,700 in crops for the first payment, the total yield divided between him and his tenant having a value of \$5,400.

A Mr. Still was asked by the Moorhead *Daily News* to give his experience in raising wheat during the entire period of his residence in the Red River Valley and he answered in substance:

"I have raised nine crops of wheat, commencing with 1882 and ending with 1891. My yield per acre has been about as follows:

1882, eighteen bushels; '83, fourteen bushels; '84, thirty bushels; '85, twenty bushels; '86, twenty bushels; '87, twenty-one bushels; '88, fifteen bushels; '89, twelve and one-half bushels; '90, twenty-one and one-half bushels; '91, twenty-eight bushels.

The average is a fraction above twenty-two bushels per acre. He stated that he has never failed to make expenses. Three years it was nip and tuck, but in the other six years the profits have been large. It is especially so this year. Mr. Still said he had no complaint to make and that every farmer who knows how, and will work industriously and intelligently, will get ahead in the Red River Valley.

Another farmer who lives less than ten miles from Moorhead, in Clay County, and who had perhaps three sections or more of land under cultivation, all of which he has bought and paid for out of the crops during the past ten or twelve years, last year bought a quarter-section near his former holdings at \$10 an acre, or \$1,600 for the quarter. He broke it and this year sowed it to wheat, from which he harvested and threshed thirty bushels per acre, which he sold at eighty cents per bushel. He figures it thus:

Cost of land, \$1,600; cost of breaking and raising crop, \$960, balance, \$1,280.

A gentleman named Askegard bought a section last year at \$12 an acre, which he put in wheat. The yield was twenty-eight bushels, and his profits were something handsome. Ten years ago a German landed in Clay County with \$1,500, which he invested in a farm, adding to it steadily ever since. His present possessions are said to be worth over \$50,000. But there is a limit to space or I would add here several dozen more instances of a similar nature, all tending to show the prolific qualities of the soil. But these will suffice.

The wheat crop of Clay County amounted to

about 2,000,000 bushels, which found a convenient market at the twenty or more elevators on the various railroad lines, no one having to haul more than six to eight miles. There is some competition among elevators and mills for this wheat, and top prices are realized. This is a feature that many sections of Minnesota and Dakota would be happy to add to their bill of attractions.

Moorhead's two banks, the First National and the Merchants, have a combined capital and surplus of \$185,000, and deposits amounting to about \$450,000. The management of these financial concerns is in capable hands, and Moorhead's interests, as a community, are never lost sight of. There is an excellent daily newspaper, the *News*, filled with good editorial and local matter and liberally patronized by the merchants, who find its columns useful at this season to advertise attractive stocks. The *Independent* is a well supported weekly with considerable influence in the county. Besides the schools mentioned in Prof. Lord's interesting article, there are three public schools with an enrollment of over 600 pupils. The receipts for their support for the year ending in July were \$23,000, and the disbursements \$20,000. The enrollment would indicate a population in excess of the 3,000 claimed for Moorhead. A Catholic parochial school is also established here, is well managed and largely attended. There are nearly a dozen churches, all denominations represented, several having particularly fine structures. In manufacturing, the chief enterprises are a wagon and sled concern employing a large force in foundry and repair work, running night and day just now to fill orders from North Dakota and Montana for sleds; three big brick yards and a creamery of large capacity. And there are many other concerns worthy of mention in Moorhead which are feeling the effect of the prosperous times and growing with the increasing demands.

J. C. H.

MOORHEAD AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTER.

In 1873 a public school was opened in Moorhead which in 1878 was sufficiently large to be organized into a graded school with a complete course of study. To-day the public schools employ fourteen teachers and a superintendent. Their course of study covers a period of twelve years, the graduates of the high school being admitted to the freshmen class of the University of Minnesota, and the system of schools ranking among the very best in the State.

In the fall of 1888, Hope Academy, a Swedish Lutheran school, was established. It had a remarkably large attendance from the first, and its growth has fully justified the hopes of its friends. Its corps of teachers are devoted men and women whose labors are untiring in the interests of the school.

The fourth normal school in the State opened in Moorhead in August, 1888. The corps of teachers number ten and its present enrollment is one hundred and nine. Since the opening of the school three hundred and fifty-two students have been enrolled and eleven graduated. The course of study is uniform with that of the other normal schools in Minnesota as is its standard of admission and graduation.

In October of the present year Concordia College, a Norwegian Lutheran school, was ready for the admission of pupils. The large number of inhabitants in the Red River Valley of this faith and nationality will insure the success of the school.

The relations among the various educational institutions of Moorhead are entirely friendly, each knowing that as one prospers the others prosper, and that whatever rivalry may exist is but a healthy stimulus to each institution. Moorhead is now probably more distinguished for the

number of its schools than for any other single feature. In view of several facts the location of the schools at this point seems wise.

The town is the railroad center of a large territory, two transcontinental lines crossing the Red River at this point. The citizens of the town are upright, public-spirited and generous to a remarkable degree, and have given aid and encouragement to all educational effort. There is no reason why these beginnings in educational work in this town shall not much more than surpass the most sanguine hopes of those most interested in all that is good in school work.

L. C. LORD.

Moorhead, Minn., Nov. 23, 1891.

RED RIVER VALLEY INVESTMENT CO.—The Red River Valley Investment Company, with its principal office at Moorhead, is a Minnesota corporation, and was organized in 1890 with a capital of \$50,000. It loans money for Eastern

CROOKSTON, POLK CO., MINN.

A region that has raised and harvested all the wheat it can conveniently handle, borders on a body of timber with a merchantable value of over \$50,000,000 and has ample railway facilities and a steadily growing population, may be mentioned in current history as reflecting the brightest smiles of a favoring providence. Crookston's situation at the present time is about as enviable as it could be without world-startling discoveries of a mineral nature in her neighborhood. The products of the soil have filled her graneries to overflowing, the railroads are carrying out hundreds of cars of wheat and the money for it is pouring into the banks. Every farmer who made good use of his time this summer and fall is now in comfortable circumstances, no matter if he had not a spare dollar a year ago. But the fact that is most pleasant to contemplate, to the

throw on the market at an early day, a rich and extended body of pine and hardwood timber, advantageously located near railroad and water facilities, easy of access, and specially desirable, because it is situated at the westernmost extremity of the great white pine belt of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The demand for it will come from the West, and that demand, already large, is increasing daily, and will be sufficient to make an ample market for years to come.

The Red Lake Reservation is a large tract of land in Northern Minnesota, nearly a parallelogram in form, running northeast and southwest, with an extreme length of about 150 miles and a nearly constant breadth of about eighty miles. The soil and timber vary greatly in the different portions. The northern half, which is low and often swampy, is covered by immense tracts of white cedar of excellent quality, tamarack and arbor vitae.



GENERAL VIEW OF CROOKSTON, MINNESOTA.

investors on first-class farm and chattel property. Though a new company it is doing a large though conservative business, has established various branch offices, and will establish more in the near future. From the management of the company, borrowers find that they can obtain money on favorable terms, while Eastern investors understand that their interests are carefully and faithfully attended to. The officers are: President, Geo. N. Farwell, Claremont, N. H., cashier of Claremont National Bank; Vice-president and Treasurer, Thos. C. Kurtz, President of Merchants Bank of Moorhead; Secretary and Manager, Geo. E. Perley, of Moorhead.

COMSTOCK & WHITE.—As will be seen by their advertisement in this issue, this firm is interested in townsite property in a number of the most promising points in the Northwest. They are individually and as a firm among the best known business men in Minnesota, and their transactions are notably large.

Crookston man of business, is the prospective opening of the Red Lake Reservation, with its forests of pine, which is likely to occur early in the spring. Good crops are not a novelty in the Red River Valley, or any portion of it. An able representative of the *Northwestern Lumberman* visited the reservation last year and made a careful, comprehensive report to that journal, from which some paragraphs are taken that will be found of more than ordinary interest. The appropriation spoken of was made, and the surveyors have nearly completed their labors.

The addition of 100,000 acres to the white pine lands of Minnesota is an event which will be of great interest to the lumbermen, not only of this State, but of the Northwest generally. There are not many large tracts of pine remaining in Government hands, and it is not any every day affair to buy them direct from Uncle Sam at a low figure. The recent act of Congress passed in February for the opening of the Red Lake Indian Reservation in Northern Minnesota will

The southern half of the reservation is much the more fertile, consisting of rolling land with innumerable little lakes and streams, and contains nearly all the pine timber. In its midst is Red Lake, a beautiful body of water, consisting really of two lakes united by a narrow, shallow strait, altogether making a body in shape something like a gigantic dumb-bell. The greatest length of the two lakes is about sixty miles and the breadth twenty-five miles.

Along the southern edge the shore is bordered with high bluffs, generally covered with hardwood timber, extending also up the eastern coast. Numerous streams cut through these highlands and empty in the lakes. White Earth Reservation, on which are nearly 100,000 acres of pine land, will also come on the market at the same time with the Red Lake lands. These lands also are well situated in a compact body, but do not abut on any considerable stream, so that they will depend on future railroad facilities for development. The other streams running

into Red Lake are the Sandy, Little Rock, Mill Creek, Hay Creek and Cormorant, but none of them are of any considerable size. On the east end is a stream, which feeds a large tract of woodland which is as yet untouched.

The white pine lands of the reservation are in three principal bodies. The largest body extends east and west fifteen or twenty miles in a nearly continuous strip varying in width from a half mile to three, and from twenty to thirty miles south of Red Lake. The second tract is west of this and runs nearly north and south. East and southeast of the lake, scattered over a considerable extent of territory, is the remaining portion of the pine lands, which runs over the southern and eastern boundaries of the reservation until it meets the lands of the Winnebago, Deer Creek and Cass Lake reservations. Besides these large tracts there is much white pine scattered among the hardwoods, the amount of which cannot be easily estimated. Along Rainy River and the shores of Lake of the Woods, also, there is abundant pine, but it has been cut over in some places by timber thieves.

The numerous stories of pine steals which have been so often told, do not apply to any large extent to the Red Lake lands, but to those further south and east on the Winnebago, Cass and Leach lakes. On the Red Lake Reservation, it is said, the law has been much more strictly enforced. The Indians are allowed to fell and sell all the dead trees, but if they girdled some live ones and allowed them to die, or even worked some live ones up, it was very difficult to detect them, especially after the logs were in the river. On a reservation of over 7,000 square miles, it is impossible to keep watch everywhere at all times. Still the pine forests of the reservation are practically untouched, except where they have been run over by fire. The reservation has, until recently, been too remote and difficult of access to make it easy for lumbermen to get logs out, even after they were cut.

The act of Congress under which these lands are to be thrown open provides for awarding the Indians a certain amount of agricultural land in severalty, where they may choose, and of selling the rest. The undivided land is to be surveyed and divided into two classes, agricultural and pine lands; the former is to be sold like other Government lands to settlers, and the rest is to be put up at auction, an upset price of \$3 a thousand feet being fixed on the timber. The money derived from the sales is to be kept for fifty years, when it is to be distributed among the Indians, and in the meantime they are to have the interest on it, while the Government holds it in trust, and to receive advances on the principal if necessary. An appropriation is also pending of \$250,000 to pay the expenses of having the lands surveyed, so that the opening will not be long delayed.

The Indians have chosen a strip along the southern shore of the lake for their future homes and not a few of them have prosperous gardens and farms. The whole southwestern part of the reservation, except where it is marshy, is well adapted to agriculture and grazing. It is low and flat, and produces a rank but rich grass. South and west of the reservation the land rises into long, sandy ridges, and then declines into the rich and famous valley of the Red River of the North. Here is a rapidly growing population, which will be a large consumer of lumber.

In fact, it is more than probable that all or nearly all the lumber made in the future from the Red Lake Reservation will find its market westward. Not only the Red River Valley, but the vast plains of the Dakotas and Eastern Montana will be active bidders for it. More than this, the only water facilities afforded for logging are in this direction. The outlet of Red Lake is Red Lake River, which leaves the lake on its



CROOKSTON.—THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

western side, meanders for forty miles through the meadow lands of the reservation, then cuts through the hills, crosses the Red River Valley with many little rapids, which will furnish excellent water power, and finally empties into the



HON. HALVOR STEENERSON, CROOKSTON.

Red River of the North at Grand Forks. In the last twenty-five miles of its course the river is quite shallow, so that it cannot carry large logs except in the season of the spring freshets.

In its course the river flows through Crook-

ston, the metropolis of the Red River Valley, and the fortunate town which will naturally reap the cheap advantage from an opening of the reservation. The stream, which is 200 feet wide, makes a double loop here, giving a magnificent stretch of water frontage and unlimited booming facilities, and its fall is enough to furnish a heavy water power. No doubt the founders of the place builded better than they knew when they first laid out the city here, but they will nevertheless reap the solid advantages. The banks of the river are high for the most part, so that the streets are never inundated by the spring freshets, which carry away the melted snows and are such a blessing to lumbermen in their logging operations.

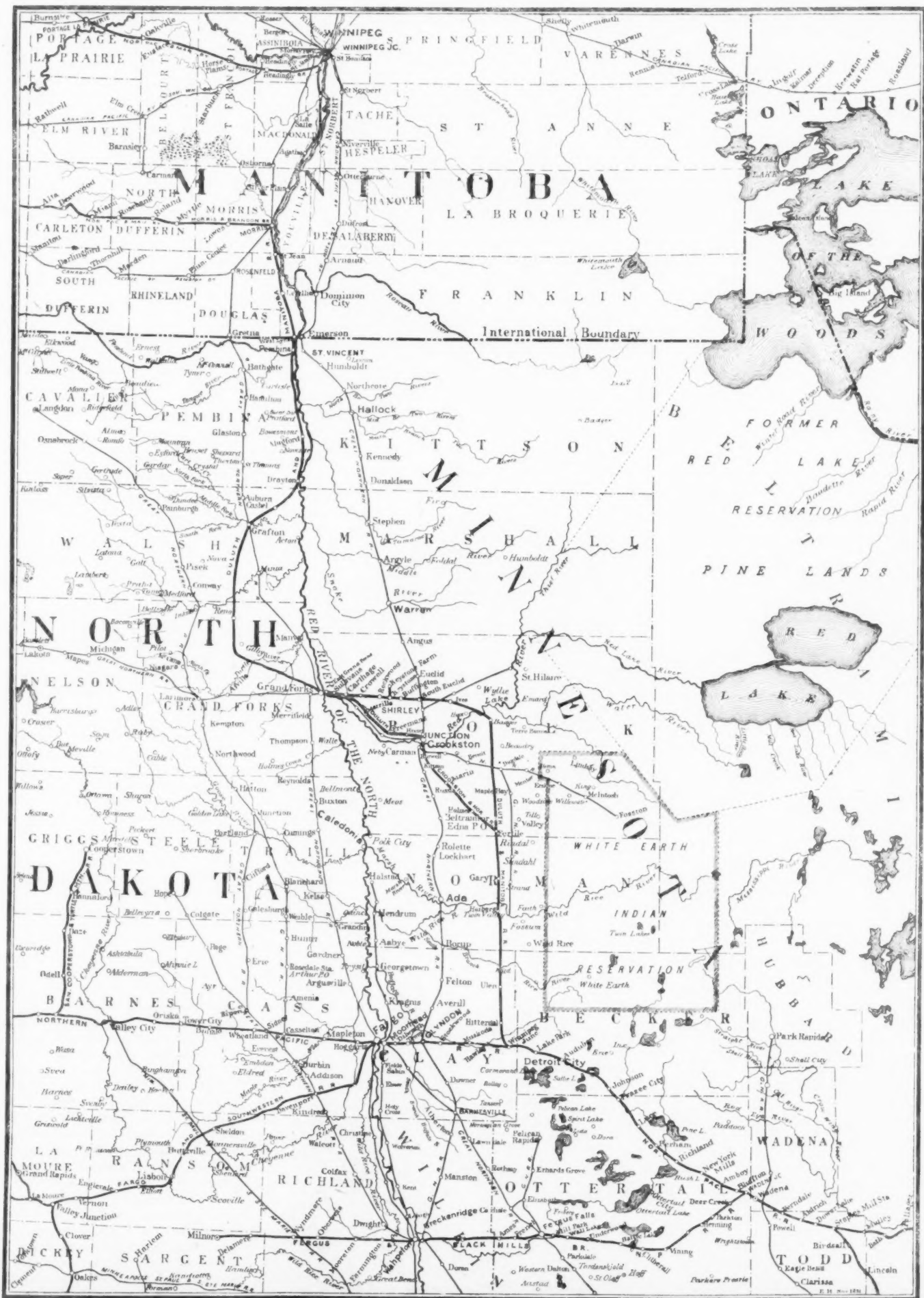
It seems hardly possible that less than a dozen years have passed since the first building was erected on the site now occupied by Crookston. Yet such is the fact. It is a history of most remarkable growth, the substantial nature of which makes it exceptional, as compared with other Western towns. The wealth that is accumulated by legitimate methods and finds investment where it was acquired, is here, if not in abundance, at least in quantity sufficient to give the town a reputation for financial solidity. The *Crookston Times*, in an issue of December, 1890, in commenting upon the accomplishments of a decade, remarks, with pardonable enthusiasm, "To-day a thriving and prosperous city of brick and stone rests her foundations here, with her 4,000 souls, her six lines of railway running in as many different directions, her miles and miles of graded streets, sidewalks, sewers and water mains, her array of manufacturing institutions, her waterworks and water power, her electric lights, her handsome three and four story business blocks, her magnificent opera house, her schools, her churches, her financial exchanges, her jobbing and mercantile interests, her beautiful natural parks and her comfortable homes for a happy and prosperous people. What a wonderful change in ten short years!"

Nature has favored Crookston. There are two splendid water powers, one of which is developed and furnishes 75,000 horse power, and is used to run the flouring mills, pump water for the city for fire and domestic purposes, and run the machinery which furnishes the electric light with which the streets, business houses and residences are lighted. And yet, with all the metropolitan features of which Crookston can boast, the town is behind the country in development. Not that there is a lack of marketing or trading facilities, nor that a larger town is actually needed in the region, but the country would support a city of five times its size. There is a decided lack of capital for manufacturing and larger mercantile enterprises. The water power that is in use demonstrates what might be done with a strong financial backing. There is little doubt that Eastern money will be forthcoming, from this time on, the extensive advertising the valley has received through the enormous crop being certain to attract the conservative class of investors—those who wait until some one else has developed a country's possibilities and come in with a large and influential supply of the needful to gather the richest rewards. But they are always welcome. If they will employ their capital in manufacturing and help to build up Crookston, they will be given due encouragement.

The valley of the Red Lake River extends seventy-five miles to the north and east of Crookston. It is all fertile, and a well watered agricultural region with a rich, deep, black loam, the valley being from five to fifteen miles wide. There is no waste land. Beyond this valley is the heavy timber of the reservation. On the river is a sawmill that cut this season 21,000,000 feet of lumber and many thousands of lath and shingles. In the mill and yard about 200 men



CROOKSTON.—THE MERCHANTS' BANK.



MAP OF THE RED RIVER VALLEY IN MINNESOTA AND NORTH DAKOTA, WITH THE ADJACENT REGIONS OF MINNESOTA, SHOWING ALSO THE PINE LANDS ON THE OLD RED LAKE RESERVATION SOON TO BE OPENED TO LUMBERING OPERATIONS.

are employed, and the pay roll amounted this season to more than \$60,000. The value of the output is estimated at \$400,000. This, being a railway center, with its general advantages for lumber manufacture based on the heavy supply of virgin timber, with a good rafting stream to bring the logs down, its most excellent booming facilities and cheap powers, will be an attractive place for lumbermen.

An English syndicate, with interests in Crookston to the amount of probably \$100,000, is building a very large and handsome brick business block, which will cost when complete \$60,000. Another block is contemplated for spring to cost as much more. There are several store and office blocks that would be creditable to a large city, and the stocks carried are more like those found in the cities. The four business streets are well built up with stores, attractive in appearance at this season, with their winter goods displayed. There are three banks—the First National, with a capital of \$100,000; the Merchants National with \$75,000, and the Scandia American, with \$50,000. They have a combined surplus of \$31,000, and deposits to the amount of something like half a million. Their annual transactions aggregate \$20,000,000. Three newspapers, published weekly, keep the people posted on current events, and the *Daily Times*, started in November, is an appreciated journalistic venture that should have a wide circulation, its ably edited columns containing the gist of the day press dispatches, instructive editorial matter and all the local news. There are two Baptist, a Methodist, Congregational, a Presbyterian, two Catholic and six Scandinavian churches, all provided with good buildings. The public schools are four in number, consisting of one central, or high school and three ward schools. The total enrollment last year was 991, which has been increased by more than one hundred. The High School is an institution of which everybody in Crookston is proud. It ranks with the first of the three classes into which the State's schools are divided. It is supplied with apparatus used in demonstrating the most important mechanical arts, selected by Prof. Moore, the superintendent. Of the six classical diplomas issued by the State board, three went to graduates of this school.

In manufacturing, Crookston has made considerable progress, and the value of the products would doubtless show a very handsome figure. A flour mill is kept constantly in operation that has a daily capacity of 250 barrels. An oatmeal factory that has gained a reputation for the choice article it makes consumes 1,000 bushels of oats a day. There is a foundry and machine shop, a wagon factory, a soap making concern and a soda water and pop factory. There are two sash and door planing mills, and a brick yard with an annual output of four millions, fully equal to the best Wisconsin article, which are shipped to Grand Forks, Fargo and other points, besides supplying the home demand.

Polk County has seventy-five townships, an assessed valuation of \$7,000,000, over a million and a half acres, of which 250,000 are under cultivation, and a population of 33,000. The Northern Pacific and Great Northern operate six lines of railroad in the county, reaching into the best portions and helping the development in the most effective way. A large per cent of the population is made up of Norwegians, who have used the lands to the best advantage. There are many French Canadians, also, a few of the townships being populated almost wholly

by them. Here and there are Germans and Bohemians. The wheat yield is estimated at from six to seven million bushels. Last year four million bushels was raised in the county. Land has appreciated in value forty to fifty per cent within six months. Farms five miles from Crookston have sold recently for \$30 an acre, cash, and it would not be surprising to see a much higher figure realized before another year. There is reason why the prices of farm lands between Crookston and the Red River—twenty miles—should be held high. In no recent year has there been a poor crop in this territory. The building of another eastern outlet through the county, which is almost a certainty, will still further enhance values, and give the Polk County farmer a little nearer market for his grain at the head of the lakes.

J. C. H.

CHRISTIANSON BROS.—The real estate and loan business of Christianson Bros. has been in operation since 1885. A fire insurance agency has been added and the firm now represents eighteen leading companies. They have recently purchased the only set of abstract of title records of Polk County property in existence, and this important department of the business will receive special attention. The firm, composed of Messrs. C. O. and O. O. Christianson, has been very successful in handling Crookston and Polk County property.

HALVOR STEENERSON.—A gentleman of prominence in Minnesota is Hon. Halvor Steenerson, of Crookston, whose portrait appears in this number. He is a native of Wisconsin, born in 1852. Three years after being admitted to the bar in Chicago, in 1877, he came to Crookston, opened a law office and was the same year elected county attorney. He also served two sessions in the State Senate, since which he has devoted his time and energies to an extensive and lucrative law practice.

A. D. STEPHENS.—A. D. Stephens is the oldest real estate dealer in Polk County and has a fine list of both wild and improved land for sale. Anyone wishing either to invest in lands or sell would do well to correspond with him. He also places long time loans on real estate.

GRAND FORKS.

The striking feature about Grand Forks, which is sure to impress the stranger most at first view and to occasion interest and inquiry, is the number of tall, solid, city-like buildings on the main business street. These structures, four and five stories in height, are of the latest styles of architecture, and are finished in the costly and tasteful way now popular in the cities. They have passenger elevators, tiled hallways, polished hardwood interior work and are prodigal in the use of ornamental iron and brass. There are no such buildings in any other North Dakota town, and none, so far as I am aware, in any town in the West of the population of Grand Forks. They represent the accumulated wealth of less than twenty years' occupancy of this fertile Red River country. The question will be asked at the outset, I imagine, why Grand Forks is able to make such an exceptionally fine showing of stately business blocks? The answer will be evident to any one who will take a half-hour's stroll from end to end of the town, following the course of the river. Grand Forks does not depend wholly on handling grain and on the



THE SECURITY BUILDING, GRAND FORKS.



GRAND FORKS NATIONAL BANK.



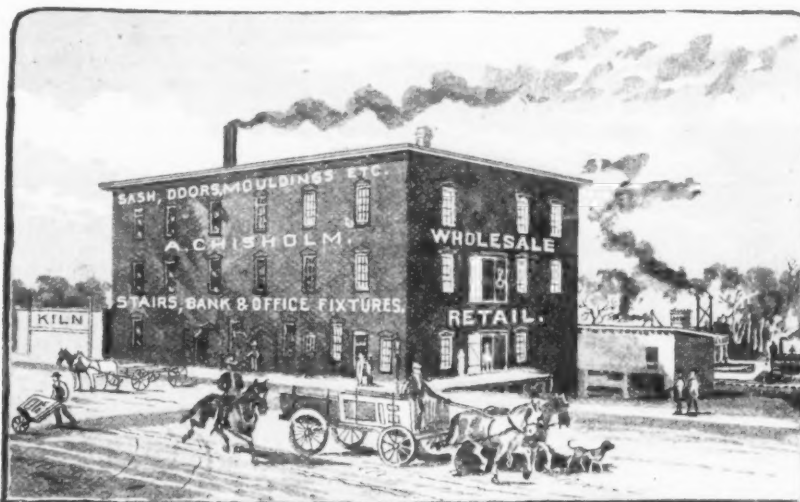
THE HOTEL DACOTAH, GRAND FORKS.

trade that comes from selling goods and machinery to a farming country. It has another important resource—that of manufacturing, and it is this, added to the business of trading with a highly productive agricultural district, that has given it an altogether exceptional degree of prosperity. Manufacturing enterprise was not forced at the start for the purpose of town booming, but came about naturally from the situation of the place at the junction of the Red Lake River with the Red. The former river is the outlet of Red Lake, the largest body of water lying wholly in the State of Minnesota, and with its tributary, the Clearwater, it drains the best pineries in that State. Logs are floated down to Grand Forks, and the railroads centering here and running out across the prairies north, south and west made this an excellent point for the manufacture and distribution of lumber. The mill owned by T. B. Walker now saws 15,000,000 feet a year and it is all wanted for local consumption in North Dakota.

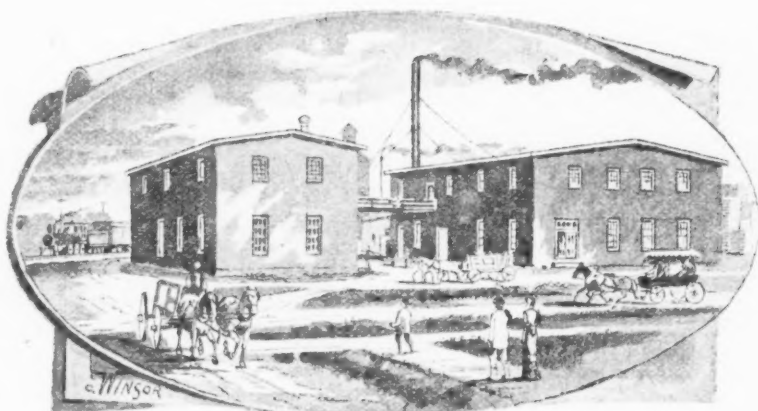
The sawmills naturally served as the basis for industries using lumber as raw material and there are now two large mills making sash, doors and interior finishings. Much of the best pine lands around Red Lake have hitherto been closed to lumbering operations by the barriers of an Indian reservation, but these barriers are now removed by the granting of lands in sovereignty to the Chippeway occupants of the reservation, and hundreds of thousands of acres of good timber will now be surveyed and constitute a great reserve of natural wealth on which Grand Forks will draw for many years to come.

In fact the situation of Grand Forks with reference to its future development as a lumber point is peculiarly strong. The Red Lake region contains the largest body of standing pine east of the Rocky Mountains. This region is shut off from the headwaters of the Mississippi by a watershed. Its logs can, therefore, never be run down to the mills of Brainerd, Little Falls and Minneapolis. They must come out by the Red Lake River, the outlet of the Red Lake, which flows into the Red River at Grand Forks. At Grand Forks the logs reach a point from which railroads radiate in seven directions—a natural point for large lumber manufacturing operations, for four reasons; first, the log supply; second the market afforded by a large town for the refuse of the mills which bring as fuel money enough to pay for driving the logs; third, the excellent facilities for shipping lumber, and fourth the extensive field for sale in the treeless plains country of the two Dakotas, Nebraska and Eastern Montana. All the standing pine in the region drained by the Red Lake River outside of the old Indian reservation is controlled by T. B. Walker, of Minneapolis, but the pine lands on the reservation which will be surveyed and sold next year will be open to the enterprise of new concerns. The Grand Forks people desire to call the attention of lumbermen in Wisconsin and Michigan to this virgin field of untouched pine and to the advantages their city offers as a point for the manufacture into lumber of the future product of that field.

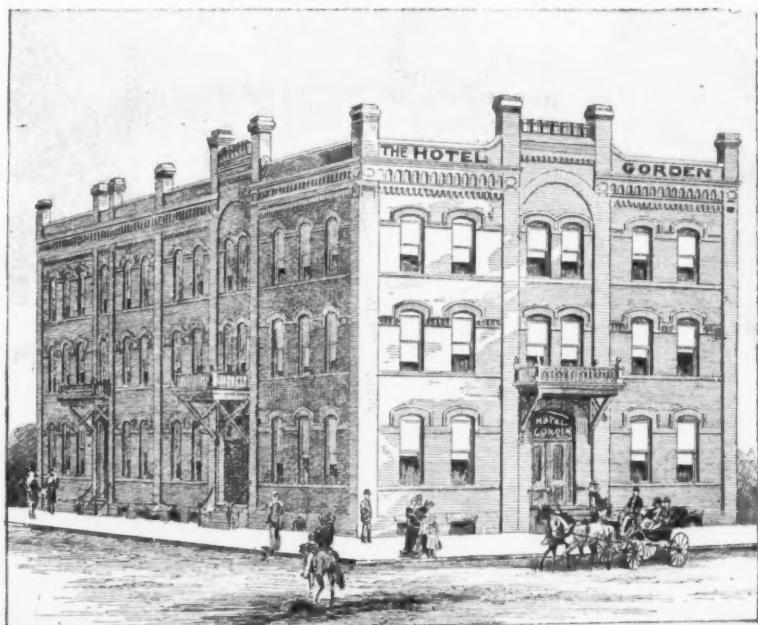
Let me add here that the lumber business in all its forms and with all its allied industries is about to receive a powerful impetus throughout the Northwest. Nine-tenths of the farmers on the prairies of Western Minnesota, the two Dakotas and Manitoba are still living in the small, temporary houses they put up when they first took possession of their homestead claims. They are now getting out of debt and the good crop of this year has given thousands of them a surplus to spend in improvements. The first use they will make of their money will be to build better homes for their families and better shelters for their stock. The next five years will be a great building period all over the prairies



GRAND FORKS.—THE A. CHISHOLM FACTORY.



GRAND FORKS SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.



GRAND FORKS.—THE HOTEL GORDEN.

and there will be a market opened for great quantities of lumber. The towns, too, which for the most part have rested for the past four or five years, are beginning to take a new start and will be large consumers of building material. All established lumber manufacturing points, like Grand Forks, will profit largely by this new activity in the lumber trade.

The buildings which are worthy of special mention as creditable to Grand Forks are the following: The Hotel Dacotah, five stories high (the old spelling of the word as used by Longfellow in *Hiawatha* is followed); the Security Block, a banking and office building of five stories; the Bartholomew Block, five stories; the Grand Forks National Bank Building, five stories and high basement, the *Herald* Building, four stories, with a tower; the Metropolitan Opera House; the Odd Fellows' Block; the Syndicate Block and the passenger station of the Great Northern, built entirely of Kettle River stone, at a cost of \$30,000.

The manufacturing concerns of the city include, beside the big saw mill and the two sash and door factories, a foundry and machine shop and five flouring mills, four of considerable capacity. Grand Forks is now the leading milling point in the State, its mills having a combined capacity of about 800 barrels per day. They are all members of the North Dakota Millers' Association, an organization which has proved to be very useful in getting a reputation for North Dakota brands and securing a market for them abroad. It keeps an agent in Liverpool—J. F. Hilliard, formerly of Bismarck, who took orders last month for 15,000 barrels more than the association could supply, and it has a central office in Grand Forks, in charge of its secretary, Geo. H. Winter. Formerly, what North Dakota flour went to Europe was emptied in Chicago into "buyers' bags," a trade name for bags bearing the brand of some once popular mill not now in existence. Now each mill is able to market its flour in its own bags and thus build up a reputation for itself on the merits of its product.

Grand Forks County is one of the very best wheat raising districts in the Red River Valley. There has never been a crop failure in this county, and the short-crop years have always shown a yield large enough to make farming profitable. This year the harvest was enormous. Before threshing began sanguine people said that the county would have 5,000,000 bushels. They have been advancing their figures ever since. Some people now put their estimate as high as 7,000,000 bushels. The whole region may be said to revel in wheat. Nearly the whole winter will be occupied in threshing from the stacks. It is not an exaggeration to say that the average Grand Forks County farmer will receive more money for his wheat crop of 1891 than he considered his farm and improvements worth a year ago. The strong feature of wheat farming in such a reliably productive region as this is that it is fairly profitable in ordinary years and that there is sure to come at almost regular intervals a great, glorious bountiful harvest, making a genuine year of jubilee.

There are many shrewd business men in Grand Forks, who have put money into the tall, handsome business blocks with the belief that the town is not going to stop where it is, with a population of some six thousand, but it is going to grow into a city. Their arguments are forcible and interesting. They begin with the promise that so extensive a region of highly fertile land as the Red River Valley must in time develop somewhere an important commercial center. This is sound. There are certainly as great resources in the valley to support a city as those which have made Lincoln, Nebraska, Des Moines, Iowa, or Topeka, Kansas. Those places have no advantages over Grand Forks except in age. Now

if there is to be a city in this prodigiously fertile valley, other things being equal it would be at a point approximately central. Grand Forks is nearly central to the whole valley from north to south—from Wapeton to Winnipeg; it is more than any other important place the central town of the valley. The next point to be considered is the matter of railway communication. Railways now radiate in seven directions from Grand Forks. There are two more roads almost in sight. First and of very great importance to the future of the place is a direct line to Duluth which will shorten the distance to the head of Lake Superior by one-third over either of the two existing routes and open to settlement and enterprise the country around the lakes which feed the Mississippi, that is now almost a *terra incognita*. The second road is a short southwestern line to the Northern Pacific to form a direct line from Grand Forks to Jamestown, Bismarck and all points further west in the N. P. belt of country. With these two additional lines built Grand Forks will have absolutely nothing to desire in the way of railway facilities. Now we come to the backbone of the argument. Has Grand Forks any one special advantage over other towns in the valley which will be likely to give her a dominant position in the future? Yes; she is the only town on the Red River that has the Northern Minnesota pines at her back and can draw upon them for logs to be floated down to her doors. The Red Lake River, flowing into the Red River of the North at Grand Forks, gave to the town a



GRAND FORKS.—THIRD STREET.



GENERAL VIEW OF GRAND FORKS.



THIRD STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

steady prosperity all through the period of depression in other Dakota towns, because it added manufacturing to the ordinary resources of trade, and this little tributary log-carrying stream is destined to do great things for the young city at its mouth. It gives her an exceptional claim to large future growth in the opportunity it affords to add to her advantages as an agricultural mart those of a manufacturing center. I know it is easy to construct ingenious theories to show that a town must grow to be a city, but I have rarely heard such strong arguments as these advanced in favor of any new place. In addition it might be said that the whole Red River Valley is very young; its settlement is still sparse; scarcely one-fourth of its lands are under tillage; its productivity is so great that it will support a heavy population; its climate is favorable to health and longevity; and that while all its towns will make great progress in the near future it must develop some one of these towns into a chief central city.

E. V. S.

THE GRIGGS HOUSE.—The Griggs House has for its proprietor and manager Mr. Charles T. Walker, a caterer and hotel man of extended reputation East and West. Under his management the Griggs is becoming very popular, a fact more creditable when the competition of the numerous other good hotels of Grand Forks is considered. The building is a large and handsome brick structure of over fifty rooms, located conveniently near the new Great Northern passenger depot.

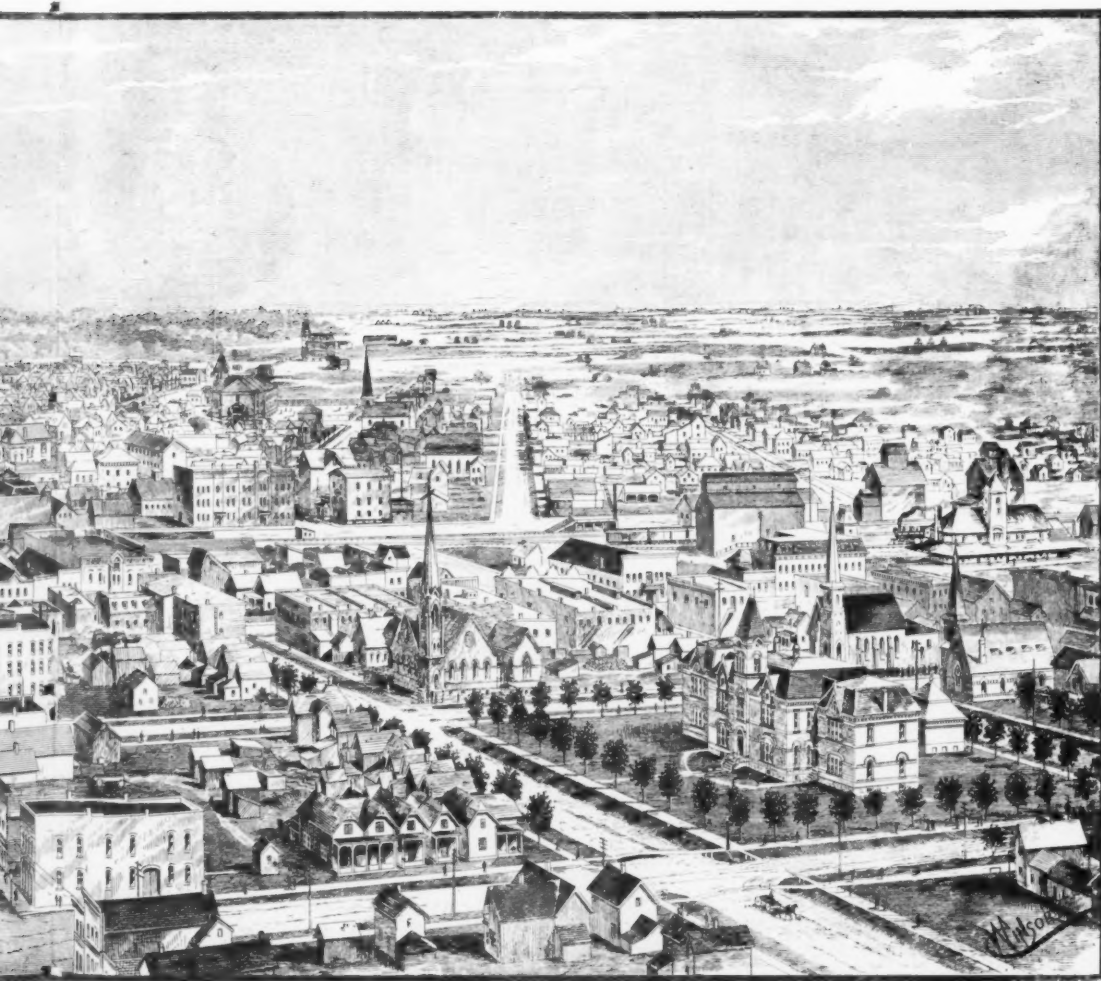
NEVILLE & WHITNEY.—Messrs. Neville & Whitney employ a good sized force of workmen constantly at their establishment, where is handled hardware, stoves, furnaces, tin and iron cornices. They do an extensive business in these lines—greater in volume, perhaps, than any other in the city or State. They make a specialty of builders' and miners' hardware, though in tin and iron work their facilities are superior. A picture of their building is printed in this number, the third floor of which is used exclusively for cornice work.

THE HOTEL GORDEN.—The greater part of the travelling public who visit Grand Forks know the Hotel Gordon and will say a good word about it any time. It is a fine-looking structure of stone, erected in 1889 at a cost of \$25,000. There are forty-two rooms fitted up with taste and with an eye to comfort and convenience; it is heated throughout by steam and is lighted by gas and electricity, and has bath rooms on every floor. The furniture is decidedly elegant, and the office and dining room are models in their way. The proprietor, Mr. M. L. Gordon, who is noted for genialty and other pleasant qualities, came to Grand Forks seven years ago from Pelican Rapids, Minn. He was appointed city treasurer the same year and has been twice re-elected, holding the office at the present time.

NORTH DAKOTA MILLING CO.—The North Dakota Milling Company represents very important interests in Grand Forks. The company owns a mill of recent construction which contains every improvement of value. The claim is made that a better grade of flour is shipped to Europe, East and the Twin Cities than any mill out of the hard wheat belt can produce—not excepting even the great mills of Minneapolis. The company's plant at Grand Forks has a capacity of 250 barrels daily, and their elevator holds 30,000 bushels. Their special brand is the "Diamond," on which their reputation is staked. The officers are Geo. B. Clifford, president; Geo. Bull, treasurer, and E. Mapes, secretary.

A. G. JOHNSON & CO.—Possibly the largest and certainly one of the handsomest establishments of its kind west of the Twin Cities is that of A. G. Johnson & Co.—the "Minneapolis Store"—the imposing front of which is shown in one of the illustrations. There are two main floors, forty by one hundred feet in size, and other space that runs the total to nearly 10,000 feet. The lines handled are dry goods, millinery, carpets and drapery, each being extensive and complete. The present quarters were occupied in October last, though the firm has been eleven years in business, and has a reputation in all parts of the Northwest. Though the trade of the house is principally local, a large and growing traffic is carried on through the mail order department with patrons in nearly every locality in North Dakota and many portions of Montana and Minnesota. The ground floor of the big store on a busy day is one of the notable and pleasant sights of Grand Forks, with its piles of costly and bright colored fabrics.

A. CHISHOLM.—The first sash and door factory as far north as Grand Forks was that of Chisholm & Turner, who were succeeded by Mr. A. Chisholm, the present proprietor and manager of the plant. The capacity is now more than double what it was originally. The product consists of sash, doors, blinds, mouldings, etc., for which there is a profitable local market, but there are extensive shipments to the country north and east, and west into Montana. The lumber used comes in the log down Red Lake River to Grand Forks, where it is sawed, enabling Mr. Chisholm to produce goods in his line at inside figures.



GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA.

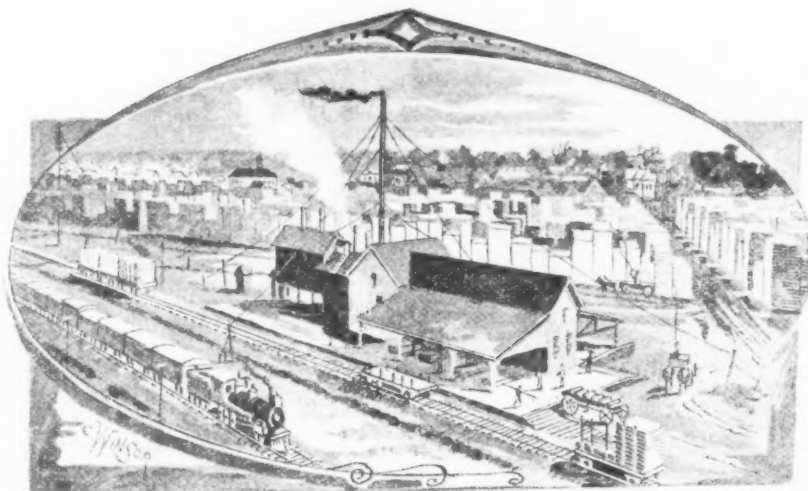
J. B. MOONEY & Co.—Since '82 Messrs. J. B. Mooney & Co., have been doing steam boiler and engine work in Grand Forks, and from a small beginning they have increased the capacity of their plant until now it is the biggest concern of the kind in North Dakota, with complete facilities. The firm has shared in the general prosperity of the Northwest, and has had all the orders it could fill for several months. Mooney & Co.'s patrons extend over seventy-five to one hundred miles of territory, much of it being repair work. There is a great advantage to both a farming and a business community in the presence of a house of this kind.

MAX WITTELSHOFER.—A reputation in the jewelry business, such as Max Wittelshofer, the Grand Forks dealer in valuables, enjoys, is acquired only by years of experience, honorable methods, excellent judgment and good taste. Mr. W.'s trade extends throughout the Grand Forks region. Adjoining his store, as will be seen in the cut, Mr. Wittelshofer has recently erected a substantial three story brick and stone building, the ground floor of which is occupied by a large clothing firm. It is a notable addition to the city's structural features.

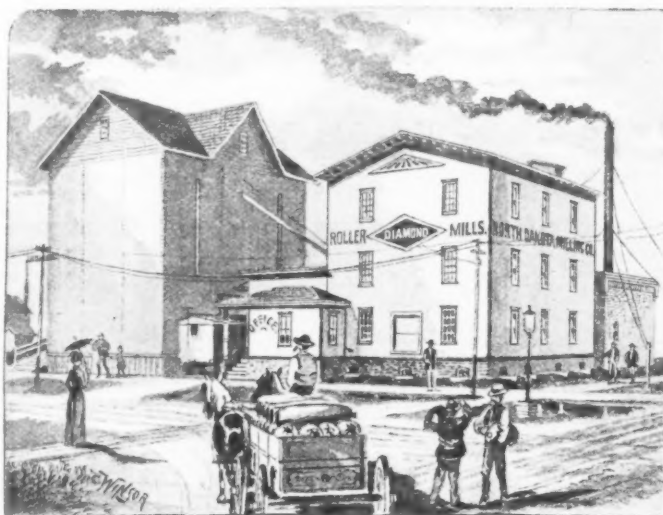
DICKEY BROS.—Messrs. Dickey Bros. are active young business men who have built up a large trade in dry goods, cloaks and draperies; one of the largest, in fact, in the Red River Valley. They have a handsome, well-arranged store in Grand Forks, and a branch in Hamilton, N. D. They formerly had a line of branch houses on the Great Northern. The view of their double store is one of the most attractive illustrations in this number.

THE GRAND FORKS NATIONAL BANK.—Both an interior and an exterior view of the Grand Forks National Bank appear in this issue, and will give the reader an idea of the elegant quarters which the bank moved into last month. The institution is one of the most prosperous, progressive and best known of North Dakota's financial concerns, and enjoys the distinction also of being one of the oldest national banks in the State, having been organized in 1885. A statement of its condition made at the close of business November 23, shows the loans and discounts to have been at that time \$340,000, and the deposits \$512,164. The capital stock is \$100,000, the undivided profits \$12,362, and the total assets \$550,685. These are handsome figures, and show that the concern has been under very able management. They are more creditable from the fact that much strong competition exists in the city and State. The officers are men of excellent financial reputation in North Dakota and Minnesota, and the directors are numbered among Grand Forks' leading business men. They are M. L. McCormack, (Territorial Secretary some years ago) president; Geo. B. Clifford, secretary of the Security Trust Co., vice president; G. F. Shutt, cashier; A. J. Cole, assistant cashier; W. A. Gordon, J. P. Bray, O. A. Webster and C. P. Trepanier. A marked conservatism has characterized the bank's management, and this course is bearing good fruit in the rapid increase in patronage.

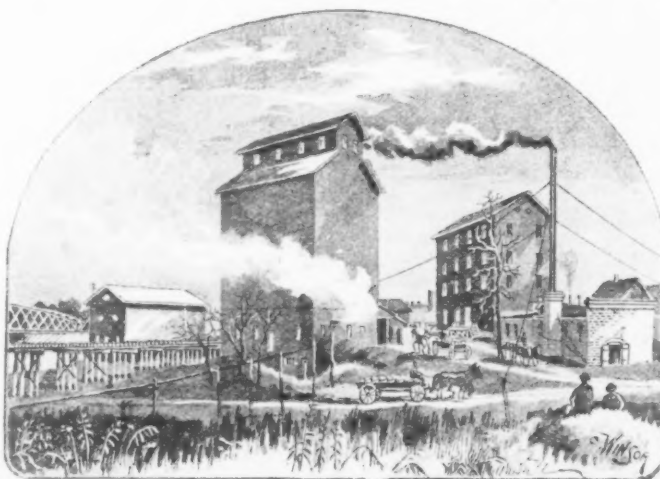
THE SECURITY TRUST CO.—Something like \$3,000,000 has been invested in Red River Valley securities by the Security Trust Company, since its organization ten years ago, and its financial importance and prominence in the two States divided by the Red may be in a manner reckoned from this fact. Its methods of doing business are comprehensive and most commendable. A requirement in the matter of loans is that property valuations must exceed the amount loaned by two and a half to six times the sum. Another feature is that all original and recorded papers



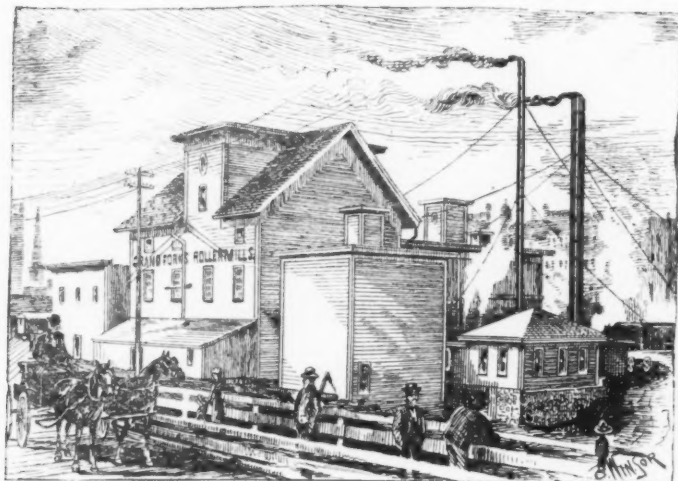
GRAND FORKS.—RED RIVER LUMBER CO.'S PLANING MILL.



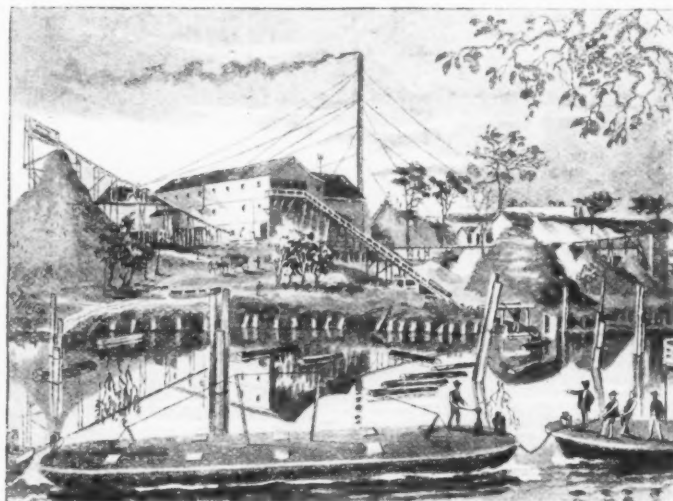
GRAND FORKS.—NORTH DAKOTA MILLING CO.'S MILL AND ELEVATOR.



GRAND FORKS.—ELEVATOR AND FLOURING MILL OF THE NORTHERN MILLING CO.



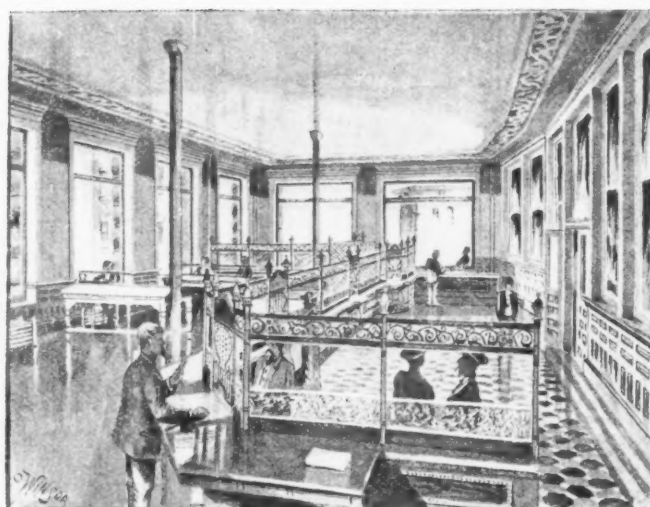
THE GRAND FORKS ROLLER MILLS.



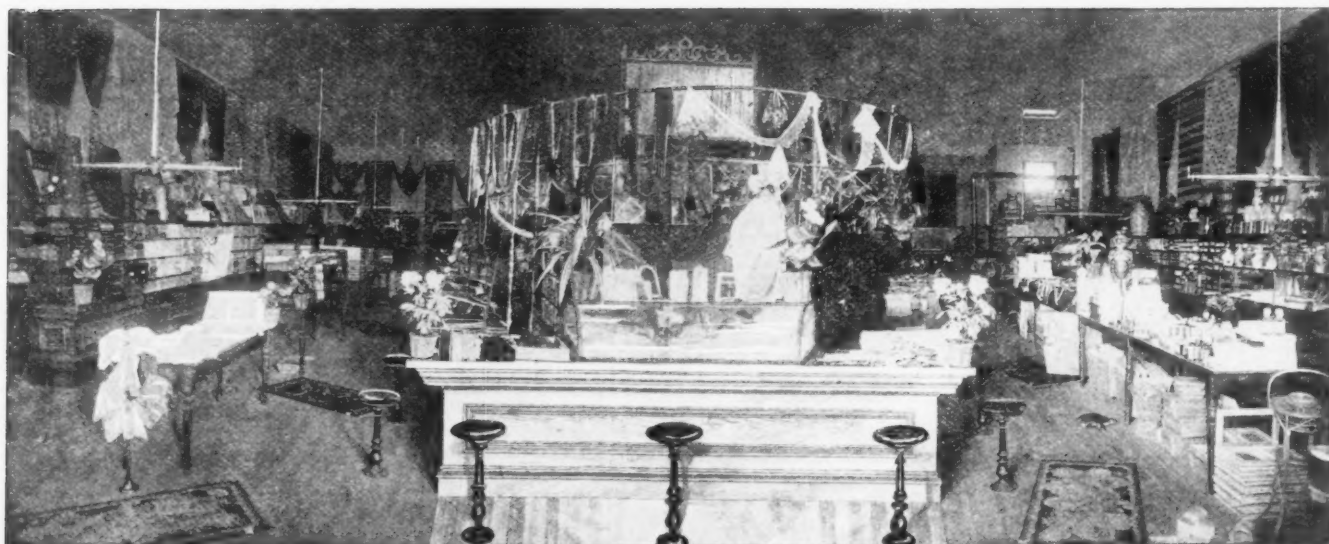
RED RIVER VALLEY SAW MILL, GRAND FORKS.



THE GRIGGS HOTEL, GRAND FORKS.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE GRAND FORKS NATIONAL BANK.



GRAND FORKS.—INTERIOR VIEW OF DICKEY BROS.' STORE



A. G. JOHNSON & CO., GRAND FORKS.



THE WITTELSHOFER BLOCK, GRAND FORKS.

pertaining to each loan are given to the investor. The company guarantees the payment of both principal and interest, which latter is paid semi-annually at a seven per cent rate on the first mortgage loans, and at six per cent on debenture bonds secured by the deposit of first mortgages with the American Loan & Trust Co., of Boston. Bank examiners from New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont look carefully into the Security's affairs annually; a fact that timid non-residents should appreciate to the fullest. The secret of the company's prosperity may be briefly stated in the fact that "no loans are made outside the bottom lands of the famous Red River Valley, where there has never been a failure of crop, and, consequently, never the loss of a dollar." A statement of the Security's condition in November will be of interest here: Capital, paid in, \$200,000; surplus, \$25,000; deposits, \$440,000. The last item represents one year's accumulations, that feature of the company's business having been in existence only that length of time. The officers are David A. Gregg, president; F. E. Anderson, vice-president;

Geo. B. Clifford, secretary; F. S. Sargent, treasurer and J. E. Clifford, assistant treasurer.

RUCKER & McDERMONT.—A prominent Grand Forks firm is Rucker & McDermont, dealers in real estate, loans, collections and insurance. Mr. F. H. McDermont is also a lawyer of exceptional ability, and his practice adds another very important department to the business. Mr. McDermont is a graduate of the Michigan University, and has had considerable experience in the Northwest. Mr. H. P. Rucker, the senior member, may be referred to as a

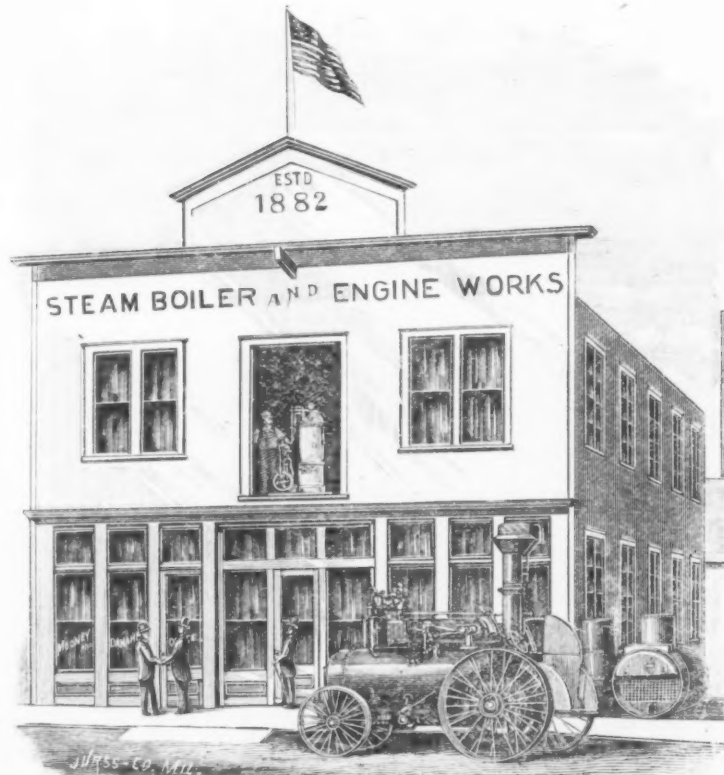
distinguished representative of Northwestern interests, being one of North Dakota's World's Columbian Commissioners, and a tireless worker for the good of his community. He is a native of Illinois, and has been a resident of Grand Forks since 1882. Mr. Rucker is an active member of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Business Men's Association. He was also appointed by President Palmer one of a committee of twelve to act on Federal legislation connected with the Chicago exposition. The firm has fine offices in the Security Building, and every facility for handling their extensive business in farm lands and the other lines mentioned.

DRAYTON, PEMBINA CO., N. D.

In 1878, nine years before the Northern Pacific reached that point and when farming in the Red River Valley was barely past the experiment stage, a few settlers from Ontario located on and near the present site of the thrifty little town of Drayton. The nucleus of a large settlement was thus formed, the steady growth that ensued getting its main sustenance from the provinces of Eastern Canada. Some of the settlers were farmers and some left other occupations to take up lands offered by a generous Government to those who would till them and become useful citizens of the United States. Nearly all were successful, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, and those who remained and perseveringly toiled for a competence are now comfortably situated, if not independently rich. As the country grew in population, Drayton, as a trading point, grew in importance. No special effort was made to make a city, or even a large town of it, the residents of the place and neighborhood being content with the natural increase which they felt, and still feel, would eventually give it prominence in the commerce of the Northwest. These expectations have to a great extent been realized. As



NEVILLE & WHITNEY, GRAND FORKS.



J. B. MOONEY & CO., GRAND FORKS.

the agricultural resources have been developed, Drayton's business life has developed, until now the tributary trade extends over a fertile territory on either side of the Red River that embraces at least a hundred and twenty square miles.

Drayton's location in the extreme southeastern corner of Pembina County, thirty miles from the county seat, and sixteen miles from any other important town, gives it undisputed control of the trade situation on either side of the Red River to the extent indicated in the foregoing paragraph. On the Minnesota side, in Kittson County, is a fine country, not sufficiently developed to give it a place among the older and more thickly settled portions of the valley, but containing a number of well cultivated farms owned by industrious, economical Scandinavians. Some of these have prospered to a surprising degree. Stories are told of how several of them came to this country on borrowed passage money, five years ago, whose worldly possessions are now valued up in the thousands. Drayton is connected with this settlement by an old-fashioned ferry, in the summer time, and teams cross on the ice in winter. On the Dakota side the rich, level prairie is all under cultivation in small or moderate sized farms. Half a dozen substantial, and in many cases, artistic, dwellings can be seen from any point on the Northern Pacific within ten miles of Drayton. These farmers have not attempted to till more land than they could look after conveniently, and their wisdom is shown in their present prosperous condition.

A plan of investment that is being adopted to a greater extent every year by both Eastern and Western people of means is to purchase a quarter-section or more and rent it on shares. There is no difficulty in securing good tenants, the lands can be had from private parties or from the railroad company on easy terms, and a return of about twenty per cent a year is generally realized on the \$2,000 or \$3,000 invested. The agent of an estate mentioned the case of one of his tenants, on a farm renting for \$375 a year. The latter raised crops, principally wheat, that brought him \$1,800, clear of all expense. The few farms in the neighborhood that can be bought are valued at \$15 to \$25 an acre—\$20 being the usual figure, for improved lands. A farm of five quarter-sections, or 800 acres, with equipments, three and a half miles west of Drayton, was recently sold by a banker there for \$17,000 cash.

Drayton and vicinity will send to market, all told, a round million bushels of wheat from the crop of 1891. Here, as elsewhere in the hard wheat belt, reports of exceptional yields are heard on every hand. One tract of 310 acres, four miles from Drayton, yielded thirty-two bushels per acre, and another in the same neighborhood, containing sixty acres, gave up 2,300 bushels. Still another sixty-acre field returned 2,100 bushels of No. 1. Hard. A field of oats containing seventy acres brought forth 3,500 bushels of a very fine quality. Fifty bushels was the usual average for both oats and barley, in the south end of Pembina and Northern Walsh counties, and the acreage in each of these cereals was quite large. One man told of 700 bushels of sunflowers which he gathered from two and a half acres and proposed to fatten poultry with. A neighbor of his took from 130 acres of open land 170 tons of fine prairie hay, the labor of cutting representing the entire cost. Root crops do well in all kinds of seasons, potatoes, turnips, beets, etc., growing abundantly and of excellent quality. Along the river banks is a heavy growth of hardwood timber that affords a pleasant relief from the apparently limitless stretch of level prairie of the region.

There are not a great many sheep raised in this region, but an incident that was related to me

by Mr. Crandall, the banker, shows it to be a very profitable industry. A man with limited experience invested \$200 in a little flock four years ago. He has sold in that time \$600 worth of wool and mutton, supplied his own family liberally, and has now a flock that is valued at \$1,000. The feed used aside from the pasturing cost him not over \$400, so that he figures up a net gain of about \$1,100, which is not a bad profit on a \$200 investment. A Canadian settled near Drayton ten years ago, with his family and a team. He secured four quarter-sections of land which are now worth \$11,000, and accumulated personal property to the amount of nearly \$5,000. A German in '88 bought 160 acres for \$1,500. He has gathered two crops and is now out of debt and has considerable ready money to spare. That same year a New Brunswick ship carpenter arrived in a destitute condition. He hadn't enough to buy a cracker, in fact, so he dined on river water and breakfasted on hope until he secured work in the town. Learning of a quarter-section of farm land that could be secured on "contract" terms he forthwith took possession. The second crop cleared the personal effects he had obtained on credit, and the third brought him 4,000 bushels of good wheat, which placed him entirely out of debt and in very comfortable circumstances. An Ontarian with a wife and five children landed here in 1880 and took up two quarter-sections—one a tree-claim—of Government land, and erected a sod shanty for a residence until he could do better. He secured a yoke of oxen to break a portion of the land, and then worked for his neighbors. Good management and industry has since freed his homestead from encumbrance, accumulated valuable personal property, built a comfortable dwelling and is now educating his children at colleges. A Nova Scotian with \$250 took up a Government claim nine years ago, and has since acquired land worth \$5,000, with equipments worth \$2,000, and he gathered this year 5,000 bushels of wheat. Any number of similar stories are recited and vouched for by men of unquestioned veracity and high standing. They want the world to know of their prosperity and to see the surrounding country settled up and made productive.

The retail trade of Drayton will amount to \$350,000 annually, in the several mercantile lines represented by large, well arranged stores. The N. P. agent, Mr. McCallum, reports total earnings of the station for the year ending September 1st as \$105,000; but as that was before the big grain crop began to move, a December report would show a much larger figure. The item, however, is instructive. The Bank of Drayton carries deposits to the amount of \$50,000 and loans that average \$100,000, showing that much improvement is going on, the borrowers in nearly every case using the money to extend their operations. Credit among the bank's patrons is uncommonly good. The merchants are generally wealthy. Drayton's six elevators can handle 200,000 bushels of grain at a time, and a seventy-five barrel flour mill gives them healthy competition, though another 100-barrel mill could find sufficient to do to make it a paying institution. The Drayton *Echo*, a sprightly weekly publication, furnishes the community with the news of the day, and circulates in three counties. There is a Methodist, a Catholic and a Presbyterian church, all with creditable houses of worship, liberally supported and attended. The traveler can find accommodations at three hotels, the principal one being the Canadian, owned and managed by Mrs. Hunter, who knows thoroughly how to make her guests comfortable. There is a great deal more of passing interest that might be written of Drayton, particularly of the social status, which is much more than ordinarily advanced in the commendable features that form so important a part in the social fabric of every

settled, wealthy community. But for any further information the reader may desire, I will respectfully refer him to Messrs. J. C. Canning, H. L. Crandall and Geo. McQuinn, either of whom will be glad to correspond with anyone sufficiently interested to write. J. C. H.

MORE ABOUT DICKINSON.

Dickinson, which was fully illustrated in the November number of this magazine, is one of the most important towns on the line of the N. P. R. R. in North Dakota. Some years ago it was a small station on the railroad and contained a few people and fewer buildings. To-day it is a thriving town of about 1,200 inhabitants, the county-seat of Stark County. It contains Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and Catholic churches. A \$12,000 new High School building, made from native brick, a \$15,000 county court house, one ably edited newspaper, the Dickinson *Press*, a strong financial institution, the First National Bank, with a capital of \$50,000 and deposits about three times the capital, two well-conducted and paying hotels and many other evidences of a thriving town.

Dickinson shipped this year one million and a quarter dollars' worth of cattle, and in addition, sheep, wool, wheat, other produce and coal. It is the headquarters of the Missouri Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad and the company have here located general offices, shops and round-houses employing a large number of men with a monthly payroll aggregating \$40,000 on the division, the larger portion of which comes to Dickinson. Here all trains arriving and departing change the entire complement of men. Efforts are now being made to have the Government land office removed to Dickinson.

The Dakota Land & Colonization Company, with a capital of \$250,000, owns about one-half of the lots in the town of Dickinson and 19,000 acres of fine agricultural, coal and clay land adjoining and in the immediate vicinity thereof. It has recently platted and placed on the market an addition bearing the company's name and immediately joining Dickinson on the west. This addition contains the cream of the residence portion of the city, besides two blocks of business property on the main street. The High School building occupies a prominent position on the addition. Several town parties have purchased lots thereon and are erecting fine residences, and by September 1, 1892, eighteen new residences are assured for the addition. Lots 50x141 to an eighteen foot alley sell from \$125 to \$250 and every lot in the addition lies high above grade. A fine quality of water, in sufficient quantity, is obtained at a depth of from ten to twelve feet, which is one of the features attracting intending builders, as water is not obtained so easily in the eastern portion of the town. On the company's land are some of the most valuable clay and coal deposits in America. The most conservative men, conversant with the facts, predict for Dickinson a town of 5,000 inhabitants within three years. A woolen and flax mill will pay big money in Dickinson. Fuel is abundant and cheap. The lignite coal, which is used entirely for domestic and other purposes in Dickinson, is supplied to the consumer at \$1.75 a ton. Investments in Dickinson real estate farm lands adjoining the town are sure to net a profit to investors (and this within three years), of from fifty to 100 per cent. The company will be pleased to correspond with intending investors and doubly pleased to have them visit Dickinson and look over.

Those contemplating a change of residence are requested, before finally determining on a place of location, to correspond with the company at 72 Broadway, New York, or their agent, L. A. Simpson, of Dickinson, N. D.

HERE AND THERE.

THE LARGEST KITCHEN IN THE WORLD.—The Bon Marche in Paris possesses probably the largest kitchen in the world. It provides food for all the employes of the house, 4,000 in number. The smallest kettle holds seventy-five quarts, the largest 372 quarts. There are fifty frying-pans, each of which is capable of cooking 300 cutlets at a time or of frying 200 pounds of potatoes. When there are omelets for breakfast 7,800 eggs are used. The coffee machine makes 750 quarts of coffee daily. There are sixty cooks and 100 kitchen boys employed.

A WOOD binder is now being made to use slough grass twine at half the expense of other twine. It is about twice as large as ordinary twine, and one can be substituted for the other on the same machine with only a minute's delay. Rye straw twine can also be used. A machine costing \$20 is sold with which, during the winter months, enough straw twine to supply a whole neighborhood can be made. The new appliance has passed the experimental stage and is a pronounced success. It has been tested in the Red River Valley as well as elsewhere.

TIMBER RESERVE ASKED FOR.—Commissioner Carter of the general land office has received a petition signed by a large number of prominent citizens of Idaho, asking that the tract of land adjoining the Yellowstone National Park on the west, containing about 750,000 acres, including Lake Henry, be set apart as a permanent timber

reserve. The matter has been placed in the hands of a special agent, who was instructed to examine and report upon the matter and also as to the advisability of extending the reservation north into Montana so as to embrace the country around the head-waters of Madison River.

A NEW ADVERTISING DODGE.—The resources gun for posting advertisements is among the of the advertising inventor are endless. A toy latest inspirations. It is used for shooting advertising arrows into trees, fences, buildings, or any inanimate object. The arrow is feathered with light cardboard of various colors bearing in large type any desired inscription. Two sections of the cardboard and the resultant angles are embraced by a cross slit kerf, the rear of the stick being wound with cord and the point sharpened to increase penetration. The advertising darts can thus be projected out of ordinary reach, but just high enough not to escape the notice of the passer-by.

PRAIRIE DOGS CAN TALK.—Charles Davis, of St. Louis, has been visiting in the Northwest a greater part of the summer. On being asked, in a party of naturalists, his opinion of the theory that monkeys have an articulate speech, Mr. Davis said: "I don't know anything about monkeys, but I do know that prairie dogs talk. I was out in Western Kansas several for months last year, and spent some time near one of the largest prairie dog towns in that part of the country. I used often to lie and watch the curious little animal, and at last I discovered that they have different

cries to express things. After hearing them for some time I learned to distinguish three different and distinct cries. One was a general gathering note, one a note of warning on the approach of a stranger, and one indicated a coming storm. I do not know how many other distinct cries they have, but these three were very easy to distinguish and had always the same meanings."

A NEW KIND OF CHICKEN FEED.—Three months ago a schooner from Mazatlan, Mexico, discharged a lot of ballast here for which a queer use has been found. Usually ballast dumped out of schooner's holds is used in making streets, but this particular lot is composed of pulverized sea shells. About 100 tons of it was put out on the streets and every chicken in town hunted it up and acted like a cat does when she finds a clump of catnip. This got to the ears of S. K. Stanley, who owns a chicken ranch which is bounded on the north by Seaside, on the east by Necanicum, on the south by Tillamook, on the west by the Pacific Ocean. His chickens tired of eating grain and chopped feed, and when he brought them some calcium and bromide and iodide of tellurium in the shape of sea shells from Mexico, they were the most tickled lot of hens in the State. They ate the whole sack full for lunch and then laid so many eggs that the Astorian egg market dropped from thirty-five cents a dozen to thirty-four cents a dozen for fifteen minutes. Stanley has bought a whole schooner load of the egg food and says it has the same effect on a hen that beef tea has on the human.—*Astoria (Or.) Astorian.*



SCANDINAVIAN SETTLERS MAKING HAY IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY.

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

After supper we all took the shady path through the woods to Point Lookout. You are on a broad, level promontory that juts over a mighty gorge 1,500 feet in sheer depth. A vast amphitheater with battlements and fire-crowned walls opens before you. To the south, across the space of about a mile the towering sides of this amphitheater close in, save to make room for the pent-up Yellowstone, which here gathers its deep flow of 250 feet in width to the narrow space of seventy-four feet, and passing upon a level span of rock leaps sheer down 360 feet, one compact, unbroken mass of glittering water. Thence under the clouds of silvery mist it flows, a foaming, shining ribbon down the canyon and almost under the overhanging cliffs on which you stand. Turning to behold in its northward course, you look down, far down, from the dizzy height, upon sculptured pinnacles rising from the depths. Some of them are surmounted with statuesque forms like human busts or crouching animals. Upon the top of one almost directly beneath, which shoots needle-like into the majestic stillness, is an osprey eagle's nest of woven sticks. You can look into it and see the screaming eaglets and the parent birds poisoning themselves aloft in mid-air, or rising from the stream below and circling around the nest with their prey fast in their beaks. And to all this majesty of height and breadth and depth is added the wealth of dazzling color, as if a hundred rainbows had left on crag and battlement their shattered fragments—yellows, reds, browns, of many shades and blending into white and vivid greens of the cliff grown mosses. It is a strange opulence and variety of color that utterly defeats the painter's skill. No real artist will venture to depict such singular combinations of many hues, and yet in their total setting of the vast spaces, the splendid cataract, the distant forest ranges and overarching sky, not shocking to the taste, as the narrow canvass inevitably makes them, but as fascinating as they are gorgeous. One would hardly wish, however, to wake up every morning and look from his chamber window on such a scene as this. With all this coloring thrown in, it is too much of a muchness, as if Nature had lost her sobriety and got to playing wild with chemicals.

The next morning our party, with the exception of myself, took saddle horses for a visit to Inspiration Point, which is about three miles down the canyon from Lower Falls. The beasts proved altogether safe, but so intolerably slow and lazy as to be voted a bore. I went afoot and alone in the afternoon to find Point Inspiration a good deal less inspiring than Point Lookout. The woodland path almost all the way skirts the edge of the canyon, and now and then some diverging by-path to a shelf of jutting rocks invites a stop to enjoy some new enchantment. At last Inspiration Point leads the pathway out upon a promontory which presents from its fearful height a vaster and more thrilling outlook than any seen before. It stands at a sudden bend in the river, and so commands a long stretch of the canyon towards the falls which are just hid from sight by the intervention of Point Lookout. Then turning abruptly at a right angle, the impetuous river leads the gorge in continued majesty and gloomy beauty some ten miles further. But for the transient visitor these three miles are enough. The sun had hid himself in gray clouds when I stood on Inspiration Point. Partly on that account it was less satisfactory than Point Lookout. Instead of inspiring me it appalled me. I felt a quamy sensation of top-heaviness. There is, to be sure, plenty of room on this elephantine ridge, but there is no growth on it, no tree or bush to steady one's nerves by. It slopes on every side to a ragged and unguarded

edge of perilous outlook. And yet there was one woman who walked deliberately to that edge and all around it with a self-delighted equanimity. That also modified the inspiration. It disgruntled me somewhat to be so consciously inferior to her steadiness of brain, and still more to hear the utterly unsuitable and inconsequential chatter of the company that happened to be there. They made such an utter pathos of Inspiration Point, as if nature were offering a circus.

So to get away from this confusion of tongues I went back to Point Lookout just in time to behold the sun come forth rejoicing from his chambers in the west to bathe in his parting glory that wondrous scene. Though words cannot depict it, nor the painter's brush reveal it, that setting sun made the whole gorge to flame with gorgeous banners and that resplendent beauty nowhere else in the world beheld as in the Canyon of the Yellowstone. With this memory of that last look from Point Lookout I might as well bring to a close our six days tour in the National Park. On the way back to the Mammoth Hot Springs by a new crossroad there was nothing remarkable beyond what we had seen before, except a herd of elk which our driver pointed out with exciting gesticulations as they were crossing an opening in the edge of distant pines—which elks, however, we did not see—very well—if at all. We alighted afterwards to explore those pines but without any result save the dim conviction that the driver thought we were having rather a dull ride, and took this method to quicken our imaginations.—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

FARMING IN WESTERN WASHINGTON.

Western Washington will probably be a country of small farms and high cultivation. Agricultural conditions somewhat similar to those of France may be anticipated, and the peasantry of France are among the most thrifty, if not the most thrifty in the world. Indeed, the ideal condition of agriculture is that under which farmers till small areas owned by themselves. There are localities in the White River where this condition is rapidly being reached, and nowhere can be found a more contented and prosperous people. What has been done here and there can be duplicated and reduplicated in that splendid valley, undoubtedly one of the finest farming districts in the world; and in the Cowlitz, Chehalis, Wahkiakum, Skagit, Snohomish and other valleys the same conditions can be repeated. In some of the valleys named superior farming land can be bought at prices that are low in comparison with what improved farms sell for near the great highways of travel. The farmer who is fortunate enough to get one of these river valley farms has secured a competency.

The custom is to say it costs very much more per acre to clear land in Western Washington than in the east. That is true enough if the mere matter of cutting down the trees and burning them off is taken into account; but when the fact is considered that there is no stone to be picked, no loss of land from the outcropping of ledges and piles of boulders, and that every year's work is not more or less impeded by stones, it will be seen that the difference in the first cost of clearing is not all that has to be taken into account. Moreover, it may be mentioned in this connection that the Western Washington farmer has the whole twelve months in which to clear his land. Taking all things into consideration, it is doubtful if it costs much more per acre to get a farm in Washington fit for the mowing than it does in Maine.—*C. H. Lugin in Chehalis Nugget.*

A heavy immigration is expected next spring in North Dakota and Northern Minnesota.

MONTANA THE PLACE FOR A HOME.

Eastern people as a general thing have a most erroneous opinion about the West, its extent, climate and ways of living.

The resident in the far East considers Chicago in the West and St. Paul as on the verge of civilization, while we consider St. Paul in the East. They imagine people here to be a rough class living in log houses and exposed to constant peril from wild animals and Indians.

On the contrary the West is made up of the very cream of the East. Our residents are composed of the best blood of the East. They are young men, active and ambitious, too energetic to settle down in the dead and dying towns of the East, where everything runs in a rut and opportunity is scarce. Here are fifty college graduates in a town of seven thousand inhabitants. Churches and schools go hand in hand with the growth of the towns. The people have broad and liberal ideas. So far as homes go there is hardly a town of this size in the East where there are so many fine and costly residences fitted up with all the modern conveniences. Few towns of this size have so many patrons of the telephone exchange or electric light, or so good a system of electric railroads. There are none so well equipped with newspapers. As for hostile Indians and wild animals, there are none for hundreds of miles.

But the most erroneous idea prevalent in the East, is in regard to the climate. Yet this is the most marked peculiarity of Montana, and in our opinion, the strongest argument in favor of Montana as a home. The dryness of the atmosphere is one of its marked excellencies. The perspiration never remains on the body but is absorbed by the dry air. While the people of New York, Philadelphia and Boston are panting for fresh air, tormented by the excessive heat in the day and unable to rest at night, the people of Montana are enjoying the most delightful summer. Though the sun may beat with intense heat it is always comfortable here in the shade; and the nights are delightfully cool and recuperative. Our winters are exceedingly short and very mild. The beautiful Indian summer weather beginning in this month lasts with scarcely any interruption up to Christmas, having days when the atmosphere is clear as crystal, so that the Rockies, a hundred miles distant, appear close at hand; days as warm as those in May, with gorgeous sunsets more beautiful than ever painted by the hands of artists.

This period is generally broken by a slight fall of snow in October or November, which disappears in a day or two and is succeeded by warm weather. Generally there is a cold spell at Christmas or New Years, but the Chinook winds, warm winds from the Japanese current, come from the west coast and melt away the snow and warm the atmosphere in any incredibly short time. In February often the lands are plowed and wheat put in. We have no winter compared to the eastern states. Last winter the warm weather lasted to the first of February.

Building was carried on as though it was May. There was no ice. But in the month of February we had the longest period of sleighing and cold weather ever known here. The mercury went down to thirty degrees below zero once or twice, and yet Ohionians visiting here would not believe it was below zero, such a difference is there between cold in a dry climate and a wet one. Cattle were on the ranges all winter without a particle of hay and came out in the spring in good condition. We have neither the cyclones or blizzards of Ohio and New York. The rarity of the air is such that the chest has to be expanded in order to take in a sufficient quantity. This produces large chested men. People come here with narrow, contracted lungs and in a few years grow broad chested, with large lung power. Of all sections of the globe no other has such a magnificent climate as Montana and no section is better for a home than this of ours.—*Great Falls Leader.*



MOONLIGHT.

A boat, silver clad, sails the deep upper seas,
And trails a bright mantle o'er forest and town,
The night wind breathes low mid the old poplar trees,
And the radiant stars through long lashes look down.

The fragrant red roses bend quivering stems,
The firefly strikes flame on the tall lily's tongue,
The sweet clover blossoms wear glittering gems—
Rare jewels in the veil that the white moon has hung.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

Keep Your Head Clean.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely ever took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in case of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after the first washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and draughts of air should be avoided for a little while.—*Salem Gazette*.

A Wife's Training.

There is a man, abundantly supplied with worldly goods and with daughters, who believes that every woman should know how to do at least one thing well. Consequently his five daughters know several things besides dancing and music and riding. One girl has learned stenography, and her fingers are as expert with the keys of a typewriting machine as with the keys of a piano. Another is skillful with the needle, and two others could earn their livings as practical school-teachers, no instruction in French or Italian, but everyday school-teaching. "I hope," says this father, "that no one of my daughters has ever to earn her own living, but I once had serious financial troubles in my younger days, and who knows that I may not have them again. If I were to be penniless I think that all my daughters could take care of themselves. Besides," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "think of the gratitude some men will feel toward me when they find what good wives I have trained for them."—*New York Tribune*.

High Priced Living.

Big prices are paid now-a-days in many American hotels. In the Plaza Hotel, New York, the highest priced suites of rooms run from \$150 to \$350 a week, without meals. It is added that the suites of rooms for which \$350 is charged are furnished at a cost of \$15,000. The bath rooms cost each \$1,000 to fit out. They are laid in mosaic floor, tiled up five feet, and fitted with porcelain tubs. The pipes are nickel-plated, and every one has a ventilator at the top of the house. The rooms are furnished with Wilton carpets, are frescoed, and furnished in modern French styles. There are forty suites of rooms at the Plaza Hotel, the prices of which range as stated above. Mr. Hammond, the proprietor, is reported to have remarked to an interviewer, "that people can live more cheaply in a hotel than in a private house. Living here or in any other hotel, they do not have to pay and feed a

retinue of servants, and I have heard some house keepers say that their marketing costs them considerable in the way of commissions. The cost of living on Fifth Avenue, for instance, is almost fabulous. Building lots are selling at \$76,000 to \$100,000. Then you must put up your house and furnish it, and the interest on the outlay is very great. Five rooms at this hotel occupy a space fronting on Fifth Avenue of seventy-five to one hundred feet. The expense of maintaining a house with that frontage would be no insignificant sum."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

Relief From Rheumatism.

"This information," said a well known physician to a New York *Herald* man, "may save many lives; at any rate it will prove an invaluable boon to people suffering from rheumatism in any shape or form. Rheumatism, as probably nearly everybody knows, is caused by acidity of the blood. It should never be neglected. This remedy, as I know by long practice, is very efficacious, and it is as simple as it is powerful.

"Here it is," he added. "When a rheumatic twinge is experienced the patient should proceed to a drug store and buy fifteen or twenty-five cents worth of oil of gaultheria (oil of wintergreen), put ten drops on a lump of sugar, place it in the mouth, permit it to dissolve slowly, and swallow it. This should be repeated at interval of two hours until the last vestige of the malady has disappeared. In the meantime take a dose or two of Rochelle salts.

"That," said the physician, "is all there is to it, but if taken as I have prescribed it will save suffering humanity many dollars in doctors' bills, to say nothing of pains, aches, and swellings. No. I charge nothing for this advice. It is simply given for the benefit of mankind."

A Poor Man.

You say of a man: "Poor fellow, he has hard luck!"

"Why, what is the matter with him?" "Oh, every thing goes contrary; he never had half a show!"

Is that so? Let us see about it. In the first place he has a straight back and a good pair of legs. He was not born a cripple. He has all his faculties, he was not born an idiot. He has good health and the digestion of an ostrich. He'd never know he had a stomach or a liver or even a heart if he had not read in the physiology that these organs enter into the original mechanism of man. He has a devoted wife, perhaps, and children who adore him. And here is a world like a blue and gold music box, wound up by angel hands and warranted to all eternity. Everything in it and about it is his to enjoy, if not to possess. He owns every bird note, every inch of the blue sky, every rose that blossoms, every grass blade that lifts its green banner to the sun. He owns the sunlight and the moonrise and the dawn, the glint of the far spreading sea is his, and the sunset sky, when it slowly lets fall the petals of its fading rose. But he hasn't a million dollars, not a bank account, nor any real estate. He is poor as far as material riches go; owns no fast horses, nor fancy stables, nor private yachts. And so you will call him "poor?" As well might the heir of all the Indies be called poor, or the possessor of the Kohinoor be commiserated.—*West Coast Trade*.

Something About Furs.

In speaking the other day with a well-known fur dealer of Portland, in regard to furs, he said: "Furs of all descriptions are steadily getting scarce and consequently getting higher. Fashion cuts a great figure in the price of furs. Take for instance fifteen years ago good mink skins were worth \$3 each, to-day they are scarcely worth anything. My impression is mink will come up

again however, as the fur is not only beautiful but very desirable. Seal skins are very high this year, ranging in price from \$12 to \$25 per skin. This big price necessarily curtails the demand for this kind of furs, and raises proportionately other less desirable varieties which can be substituted. Bear skins of a fine quality are coming into fashion for ladies' coats. The skin has to be very thin and the texture of the fur very soft to admit of its being used for this purpose. Furs to command the highest market price must be captured in the winter. Summer furs are less desirable, and bring a proportionately small price. The reason is simple. Nature provided the animal with a heavier coat in winter than in summer, making the fur heavier and better. Victoria is the principal market for furs on this coast."—*Astorian*.

Machine Writing.

Writing by machinery has now come to be almost the universal practice in the business world, and the click of the typewriter is heard in nearly every business office. A different class of work, however, is that of authors and others who themselves operate the machine to put their thoughts upon paper, and it has been thought by many that it would not be adapted to this work, for the reason that the attention necessary to be given to the machine would interfere with the uninterrupted thinking necessary to do such work. Experience is proving, however, that this difficulty exists only in the imagination, and some of the best writers of the day, including Mr. Howells, Frank Stockton, Robert J. Burdette and Margaret Deland, are said to regularly write their copy on the machine, some of them declaring that the click of the keys seems to make their thoughts flow more freely. And after all there should be little surprise at this. The key board of a typewriter soon becomes as familiar to the operator as the keys of a piano to the musician, and after that the making of letters by striking the keys is really a more simple matter than by making them with the pen, for with the machine precisely the same motion is required for each letter, and they are made without the necessity of thinking of the means by which they are made. A number of our correspondents send in type written manuscripts, and a constantly increasing proportion of the matter appearing in this paper is written by machinery.

American Women Rarely Use Wine.

One of the first things foreigners remark concerning the well-bred American woman is her abstinence from wine. The very choicest women of this country do, in fact, strictly avoid stimulants in every form. Now, whether such temperance arises from healthy appetites, fear of injuring their porcelain skins, or superior virtue, is not worth considering, so long as the result is the same. A large proportion of really exalted fashionables refrain altogether, and after a smart dinner a glance round the table will show every glass to the right of the women's covers, brimming and untouched. If they do sip a taste, it is mere matter of form, and no fastidious dinner-out will ever permit her glass to be refilled. Many assert a dislike to flavor and effects, while one and all agree to the vulgarity of absorbing heady liquids that flush the cheeks and confuse the brains unaccustomed to heavy potions. The few who consider it a bit masculine and independent to mix vintage are apt to be guilty of other social blunders, and run many physical risks by so doing. Nothing so coarsens a woman's complexion, increases her flesh, and roughens her voice as the free use of wines. Magnificent specimens as the English women are in their youth, most of them grow unwieldy, red, and congested-looking in middle age. That a full

half of this deterioration is due to a liberal use of stimulants is undeniable. Singularly enough, this is one of the noble Englishisms not yet accepted by American aristocracy, that, as a rule, is blindly subservient to British domination in matters social.—*Illustrated American*.

The Physical Culture Fad.

"I have given up all interest," said an intelligent woman recently, "in the movement for the so-called physical culture of women. It is not that I do not believe most heartily in the full and symmetrical development of the bodily powers, but the whole cult is being perverted to sensualism. The beauty teachers are devoting themselves not to wholesome training for health, but to making 'visions of loveliness' with direct regard to their effect upon the other sex, and after as frank methods as could ever have been applied in fitting Circassians for the harem. A woman's first interest in physical culture is to fill out her neck so that she may look better in a decollete gown. It's all in a line with the manicure business, which is making very ornamental, but worse than useless hands. It all goes with our heaps of cushions and shaded lights and refinements of perfume. It's the development of curves and the study of poses and the absolute deification of dainty sensualism. It would be a good plan to let in on the business a little wholesome sunshine and fresh air.—*Helena Independent*.

Cures for Warts.

The cures for warts are exceedingly numerous. These which follow are given in the order of their ease and accessibility; but the needle plan, which comes nearly last, bears the palm for speed and certainty: In all cases where a solvent is employed, the hard, insensitive crown of the wart should be previously pared off, but not so deeply as to cause bleeding. And in most cases it is advisable to protect the adjacent skin either with a circle of vaseline or a piece of plaster with a hole in the middle which just fits the wart. Then apply as often as convenient, either the white juice of sow-thistle (*sonchus oleraceus*), which grows everywhere, or the yellow juice of greater celendine (*chelidonium majus*), which prefers the vicinity of human dwellings; or the exceedingly corrosive, creamy sap of sun-spurge (*euphorbia helioscopia*), which likes gardens and cultivated fields. The next few remedies involve going to a chemist, namely: lunar caustic, once or twice a day, glacial acetic acid, salicylic acid and creosote, iodine and carbolic acid, or caustic potash, which is dangerous stuff. A piece of raw beef steeped twelve hours in vinegar and then held to the wart with rag or sticking plaster is pronounced a sure cure in about a fortnight. The needle cure does its work in about ten minutes, of course not counting the healing of the sore. It is done by running a darning-needle through the middle of the wart and holding the end of the needle in the flame of a candle. The heat is conducted along the steel so as to destroy the vitality of the wart, which is not so terrible a process as it sounds; nevertheless, as it demands a little pluck, I have put it last on the list, and advise having some kind of forceps at hand to withdraw the hot needle, if required.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

"Ought a Woman to Earn Her Living?"

As nearly as I can understand, it is urged that the "progress of the race" demands this incursion of women into industrial pursuits: the energy gained by the mother in the struggle with the world is to be transmitted to the offspring. Now the sort of work which women have sought most eagerly—so eagerly that they have reduced the rewards for it far below living wages—is the clerical and lighter mechanical work to be found



THE SMOKER.

in the great cities. I unhesitatingly affirm that of the bad effect of this work upon the health and morals there can be no doubt. Take the early suburban trains which run into New York, and you will find them filled with young girls who cut short their hours of rest that they may flock into the city and earn enough money to buy themselves superfluous personal adornments, and in some cases, to make them independent of the restraints of home. They have narrow chests, bony figures and flat waists. They have disagreeable, self-assertive manners which they erroneously think—after the wretched ideals picked up from their betters—are signs of noble independence. They work in bad air for nine or ten hours a day at a typewriter or a cashier's desk or behind a counter; they eat pie for their luncheon, and get, if they are steady and fortunate beyond their fellows, as much as six or eight dollars a week, from which railroad fares must be deducted!

Will those girls be better mothers from their sorry experience as wage-earners? Yet this is what the experience of the mass of women must be. A few can distinguish themselves in literature or the professions, a few more can be trained nurses or take up some other philanthropic work, a few more can be great artists; but for most women, as for most men, daily work must be

simply the *sine qua non* of existence, not an abstract enthusiasm.

Given this sombre common lot, is housekeeping more narrow or less dignified than the keeping of accounts, or than carpentering or blacksmithing or masonry? I think that we have heard *ad nauseam* about the "narrowness" of housekeeping. It presents as good a variety of duties as any pursuit open to men, unless you consider commercial traveling or driving an omnibus. It is not hard work—that is, not harder work than most women do outside the home, except to the hopelessly shiftless or unmethodical woman, or to the one who is expected to work with her grandmother's facilities. I am not speaking of the "art or science of domestic economy," but of the practical work necessary in every home. Bear in mind, I do not mean, either, that any woman should do the housework of so large a number of people that all her time is consumed. That is what I have so earnestly protested against in my former article. If there is a large family, the strong probabilities are that a due proportion of them will be of the gentler sex. Of course, if two or three of them are driven out into offices, the work will be hard to the one who remains; and this is clearly against the intention of Nature, as I have taken pains to emphasize.—*Kate Field's Washington*.



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, DECEMBER, 1891.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

WITH the present number THE NORTHWEST closes its ninth annual volume. The year just ended has been one of steady-going prosperity for the magazine. Its subscription lists have been considerably increased, its advertising business has been larger than ever, in spite of the absence of speculative activity in the field of its work and it has diligently labored in its special line of aiding in the development of the resources of the Northwestern States. A review of its efforts in this line will show how wide are the geographical limits within which its artists and writers labor. In January its leading illustrated articles were upon the new mining region of Castle, and the old mining, grazing and health-resort center of White Sulphur Springs, both in Eastern Montana. In the February number the rebuilt city of Seattle, Washington, risen with marvellous celerity from the ashes of a great conflagration, was vividly portrayed. In March the rapidly growing new commercial city of West Superior, Wisconsin, was the chief theme of illustration and description. The April number showed that our busy representatives were again on Puget Sound and the result of their work was an article on the new maritime city of Anacortes, on Fidalgo Island. The May number pictured the new seaport of South Bend, on the Pacific Coast of Washington, then and still attracting a great deal of attention. In June, Livingston, Bozeman and Missoula, Montana, furnished themes for pictures and descriptive work and there was also a view of the new town of Blaine on the international boundary, in Washington. Tacoma and its remarkable growth as a commercial and manufacturing city was the topic extensively treated with pen and pictures in the July number. In August the Cœur d'Alene mining district, in Northern Idaho, with

all its principal gold and silver mines and all its towns, was set forth with careful description and lavish illustration. The growth of Portland, Oregon, was treated in the September number, with many new engravings of the stately buildings recently erected and of the commercial activities of the city. The October number showed what has been done with the great waterpower at Little Falls, Minnesota, in the building up of new manufacturing industries. The November number celebrated the bountiful wheat harvest in North Dakota and gave ample accounts and illustrations of counties and towns attracting immigration. The year closes with articles in the present issue on the Red River Valley, "the bread basket of America," and its enormous yield of 50,000,000 bushels of wheat, illustrated with pictures of towns, mills and harvest fields. The special work thus briefly outlined involved the making of nearly 500 original engravings, from artists' sketches and photographs, costing over \$10,000. Certainly no other monthly publication west of New York city has published so many pictures of its own making during the past year and while we have not counted the illustrations in the great Eastern magazines, like the *Century* and *Harpers*, we do not think they will much outnumber those of THE NORTHWEST.

LET us turn for a moment from the business and pictorial sides of our year's labors to the literary side. It has been a great pleasure to us to note the growth of the literary spirit in our field and the increased production of really good work in the way of short stories, sketches and poems. We have published much excellent original matter from Northwestern writers and would have published much more had the limits of our space permitted. We hope to be able in future to devote more room to this feature of the magazine. The time is still distant, we believe, when the Twin Cities of Minnesota, which constitute the Northwestern metropolis, will sustain a purely literary monthly. We are still too busy and too much absorbed with the material problems of life. Literature, like art, is the flower of an old civilization. It blossoms here and there in a desultory way in new regions, but it cannot be gathered into parterres and cultivated as an avocation. The scattered blooms can be encouraged with the sunshine of public approval, however, if they have a means of showing themselves in the pages of a widely circulated journal. Our purpose is, while not neglecting the business features of this magazine, which bring it the means of existence, to always show a warm hospitality to all real literary talent, no matter how obscure the source from which it springs.

OUR statement that the reliable wheat country in the Dominion of Canada ends a little west of Brandon has aroused some feeling in the Canadian newspapers and is met with indignant contradictions, based more on patriotic feeling than on a knowledge of the country. We did not intend to be understood that wheat cannot be grown considerably west and northwest of the line we indicated and that there will not occasionally be a good crop produced. What we meant, and we still stand by the proposition, was that wheat-growing beyond that line will not prove a remunerative industry year after year. There is no magic about the Canadian Northwest. It is subject to the same climatic laws that control temperature and rainfall in the American Northwest. In the fresh enthusiasm of the first settlement of our own Northwestern plains, only a decade ago, most of us imagined that farming without irrigation could be pushed away across the prairies and up the valleys of Montana clear to the base of the Rocky Mountains. We have learned by experience that we were mistaken. Rainfall does not follow the plow, as the poets

and boomers used to assure us was the case. There is no more precipitation in the Dakotas or Montana now than there was when the first settlers turned up the sod. The rainfall decreases steadily as you go west. It is less in Minnesota than in Wisconsin; less in the western part of the Dakotas than in the eastern part, and still less in Montana and Wyoming. No sane man would now try to farm in Eastern Montana without irrigation, though in the year following the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad up the Yellowstone Valley many sensible men did try and failed. Do our Canadian critics maintain that wheat farming would be a safe business on the Saskatchewan? To be a little more exact than in our previous statement, we will say that we believe the western line of profitable wheat growing in the Dominion corresponds pretty closely with the western boundary of Manitoba. Beyond that boundary comes a belt of country where crops can be raised in a small way in connection with rearing cattle and sheep, and further west lie the vast semi-arid plains, fit only for pasturage. Let us lay our preconceived notions aside and get down to the fact, which will be found to be that the world's future supply of wheat is not going to be much increased by the opening of new farming regions west of the present frontier of agricultural settlement, either in Canada or the United States.

IN South Dakota, and particularly in the valley of the James River, there is a continued popular agitation in favor of artesian wells for irrigating and a number of such wells are being put down with a view of utilizing their flow for raising crops next year. Where the land lies favorably for the storage of water in a pond that shall have a slight elevation above the fields to be irrigated, it is calculated that a single well will afford ample flow for the thorough irrigation of at least 640 acres. A well in the neighborhood of Aberdeen, where the subterranean current is struck at a depth of about one thousand feet, costs not over \$3,000 to bore. Now let us suppose a regular wheat crop of thirty bushels to the acre on irrigated land, which is a moderate figure. The cost of making a crop is from four to five dollars an acre, including threshing and hauling. That would leave the farmer a profit at present prices of wheat of at least twenty dollars per acre, or \$12,800 on his section farm. The enhanced value of his land under ditch would much more than pay for the cost of his well and his storage pond. No wonder, then, that the South Dakota people are sinking wells. They did not get the abundant crop this year that has blessed the North Dakota farmers. Their country is drier, under a climatic law that the further you go south on the same line of longitude in the plains country of the West the less the rainfall, until you go far enough to get the influence of moisture-bearing winds from the Gulf of Mexico. Take the James River Valley for an illustration, which has a north and south course. In this valley the wheat crop was uniformly large in North Dakota, but it was poor or only moderately good in South Dakota beyond Ellendale. In two or three counties it ran from five to ten bushels to the acre only. Fortunately this is the region where artesian wells have thus far been uniformly successful in tapping an abundant flow of water.

IN the western part of La Moure County, North Dakota, there are a number of German-speaking Russian settlers who migrated from the country near Odessa to escape military conscription. They are very economical people and the merchants of the town of Edgeley, where they trade, used to despise them for their close-fisted ways. When obliged to remain in town over night, rather than pay for lodging at a hotel, they would beg permission to spread their

sheepskins on the floor of a vacant room or would even sleep in a stable. Lately the merchants hit upon a shrewd plan. They took a vacant building—a sort of a rude warehouse, and fitted it up with two tiers of rough board bunks around the walls and an old stove in the middle. This they give as a free lodging-house to any of the Russian settlers who wish to occupy it. The result is that many come to trade at Edgeley who used to go to other towns, bringing their wives and children and their provisions with them on their loads of wheat and passing a night in the barrack. They have a reputation of being a peaceable and friendly people; not highly civilized, according to American standards, it is true, but laborious, temperate and religious. With their habits of industry and thrift they will make a success of life on the Dakota prairies and their children will adopt American customs and coalesce with the general community around them. We are glad to see these Russians steadily taking possession of land in the two Dakotas. What is most needed by those States is more people to till the soil, fill up the vacant spaces, give the towns a new start and make the social structure more compact.

It seems that the whaleback builders are not to have things all their own way in the matter of cheapening lake carriage by new types of freight vessels. A Cleveland ship-building company has entered the field and will launch next spring two craft of an entirely novel model, to serve as ore carriers from Lake Superior to lower lake ports. These vessels, like the whalebacks, will be huge floating tanks of steel, but they will differ from Capt. McDougall's creations in having bows and sterns of the ordinary type, lifting their rounded decks somewhat higher above the water and in carrying masts for auxiliary sails. They will be 283 feet long, thirty-eight feet beam and twenty-four feet deep and will each carry 2,600 tons on a draft of fifteen feet six inches. The Duluth papers say there will be lawsuits to determine whether Capt. McDougall's patents are infringed by these new craft.

MANY of our readers have enjoyed a personal acquaintance with Gen. James S. Brisbin, of the United States Army, during his long service at numerous posts in the Northwest. They will remember that wherever he was stationed he always took an active and intelligent interest in the development of the surrounding country and was a frequent correspondent of leading Eastern newspapers on topics concerning agriculture and stock-raising. There are no doubt many people in the Northwestern States who received from Gen. Brisbin's letters their first knowledge of the resources of the region where they now live and their first incentive to migrate thither. The General is now retired from active service, but he has not put down the pen with the sword. He has a letter in a recent number of the *Watchman*, published at his old Pennsylvania home, Bellefonte, and dated at Red Wing, Minnesota, in which he writes enthusiastically of the great wheat crop in this State and the Dakotas and of the abundance of cheap lands for new settlers.

One can gain an idea of the magnitude of the coming World's Fair at Chicago from the statement that its steam and electric plant as now designed, will aggregate about 25,000 horse power. The great Corliss engine at the Centennial developed 1,456 horse power, and at Paris in 1889, 6,000 horse power was required to drive the machinery. The machinery hall of the coming exhibition will have six lines of shafting each 800 feet long, and there will be twenty-four engines with a capacity of 125 to 200 horse power each. The combined pumping plant is expected to have a capacity of 40,000,000 gallons daily.



THE recent death of Ex-Gov. J. Gregory Smith, of Vermont, is of interest here in the Northwest from his connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad twenty years ago. He was president of the company during the financial operations of Jay Cooke and while the road was being built from Duluth to Jamestown, in 1870, 1871 and 1872. In the latter year he was succeeded by Gen. Cass. The town of Brainerd, Minnesota, was given by him his wife's maiden name. He was one of a very small group of capitalists and practical railroad men in the East who had faith in the project of a railroad from the head of Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast and who took hold of the enterprise when its first promoter, Josiah Perham, was compelled to let it drop.

NEGOTIATIONS are said to be on foot for the sale by the Northern Pacific of the fifty miles of road built from Spokane westward to Davenport by the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern company and acquired by the N. P. from that bankrupt corporation. The N. P. reaches the fine wheat country around and beyond Davenport by its Eastern Washington branch from Cheney and has little use for the purchased line. It bought it in what might be called a job lot, with the road of the same concern out of Seattle, which it really wanted. The Spokane-Davenport road is in the direct line of the surveyed extension of the Great Northern west of Spokane and will save that company just so much construction. Mr. Hill's present intentions are reported to be to give up his announced route by way of the Grand Coulee crossing and the Moses Coulee to the Columbia and to run down Crab Creek. This would avoid all paralleling of the Northern Pacific's Eastern Washington branch.

IN North Dakota it is not safe to leave the women out of any of the affairs of life, whether political, business or social. They insist on being taken into account and they usually have their way. This was shown rather strikingly not long ago in the town of Carrington. Social matters in that place had not been going on to the satisfaction of the ladies. The men had gotten into the habit of holding little social events by themselves and leaving the fair sex to their loneliness and their embroidery. Finally, emboldened by their success, they ventured so far as to arrange for a Knights of Pythias banquet to which no woman was invited. A council of war was held at the office of the lady station agent and the result was highly dramatic. When the Knights were about to sit down to their supper a silent procession of twelve women, arrayed in a dismal costume, filed into the room and took possession of one of the tables. Each woman wore a black gown and a huge black sunbonnet, on the cape of which was embroidered in white a skull and crossbones. Each wore a white kerchief crossed at the breast. The leader bore a black flag inscribed with a Latin motto, the English of which was "There are no flies on us." The Knights were dumbfounded. They watched the ladies eat the oysters and drink the coffee. Then there were toasts proposed by the fair intruders and cutting speeches were made on the lack of gallantry in the male population of Carrington. When the programme was completed

the ladies filed out with their banner ahead, never addressing a word to the men during the whole performance. It is safe to predict that there will be no more banqueting in Carrington without the ladies being invited to take part.

THE movement in St. Paul for the establishment of a State immigration bureau has revived an old anecdote of Col. Hewitt, a prominent character in the early days of the city who used to write immigration pamphlets and who took a lively interest in all other agencies for bringing settlers to the State. Col. Hewitt had an office on Third Street and near by was a vacant store that was used for a noon-day prayer meeting. Among the merchants who used to attend the prayer meeting was Mr. Ingersoll, familiarly known as Father Ingersoll, a man of earnest piety. Occasionally Father Ingersoll would drop into Hewitt's office and urge him to go to the meeting with him, but the Colonel always plead one excuse or other. Finally Father Ingersoll wrote a letter to his worldly neighbor urging him to attend to his soul's salvation. The letter went into the waste-basket and was not answered. Again Father Ingersoll called on his way to the prayer meeting. The men shook hands in silence. Then Hewitt remarked, in a solemn tone, "Well, Father Ingersoll, we are engaged in a great and good work." "We?" exclaimed Ingersoll: "Really, Colonel, I am not aware of any good work that you and I are engaged in jointly." "Why, certainly," replied the Colonel, "you are trying to persuade people to go to heaven and I am trying to persuade them to come to Minnesota, and that, you know, is half way to heaven."

WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN, the eccentric Bohemian journalist, has found a friend in R. D. Kathrens, of Sioux City, who is going to publish a volume of his poetry. Kernan is an odd genius—a sort of a knarled driftwood log on the sea of journalism, very much battered by knocking about, but with much sound timber of real talent at heart. When a young man he had a brief sensational career as editor of a noisy and bitter unreconstructed rebel paper in Mississippi called the *Okalona States*. This sheet he filled with fantastic diatribes against the North, in which every period and every semi-colon ended a paragraph. This was an unnatural occupation for the son of a good loyal family in Ohio and it did not last long. The Republican papers made a good deal of political capital out of Kernan's diatribes and the sober Democratic journals charged that he was hired by the Republicans to write his fire-works leaders under pretense of serving the South. Since he left Okalona some twenty years ago, Kernan has roamed from town to town and from State to State, earning a scanty and uncertain living by doing odd jobs of writing for the newspapers and contributing a little really good literary matter to Eastern periodicals. An overmastering love of stimulants has unfitted him for regular work. Editors recognizing his genius would give him employment, only to find in a week or two that he was incapable of steady application. If he found a job that he seemed in a fair way to hold for a longer period than usual he was pretty sure to quarrel with his employer on some mere matter of opinion connected with the labor question or some other form of social problem and take himself off on a night train, often forgetting to ask for the balance of salary due him. Embittered towards the world by his own lack of success he has developed into a pessimist of the most radical type. The social fabric, he thinks, is all wrong and should be pulled to pieces. Rich men are rascals and robbers, preachers are frauds, religion is a sham, morality is hypocrisy and everything is going to the devil. Now, the

curious thing about Kernan is that with such opinions and habits he is able to write genuine poetry. His verses are melodious and strong; they are passionate and tender; they have a rhythmic swing and a command of language that recalls both Poe and Swinburne. They are never joyous and they are morbidly self-conscious. Their ever-recurring themes are lost love and the wrongs of the poor; but they are thoroughly poetical. Perhaps their closest prototype can be found in French literature in Baudelaire's "Fleurs de Mal." The book will be out in a few weeks and we advise all lovers of poetry to buy it. Here is a verse from Kernan's "Song of Hate:"

For since the first fierce morning of time, with its toils
and tears,
Down through the dim, long vista of fleet and fugitive
years,
I see but the one black picture, 'twixt cradle and
coffin-bed,
Of conquering knaves
And cowering slaves,
And the doom that struck them dead.

THE Minnesota Insurance Commissioner, C. H. Smith, referring to a recent article on State insurance in this magazine, sends his annual report, from which it appears that the total amount of premiums for fire insurance in this State in 1890 was \$2,638,967, of which all but \$350,273 went to foreign companies. Under the term foreign is included all companies not having their general offices in this State. The losses paid in 1890 were \$1,309,914. Commissioner Smith states that the year 1890 was a good one for the companies but that the first half of the current year made a bad showing for them, their payments for losses in the State aggregating sixty-eight per cent of their receipts from the State, which, when added to expenses ranging from thirty to thirty-three per cent, brought them out behind. The question of State insurance is broader than any figures of gains or losses in any particular period. The present system of corporation insurance, mainly by foreign companies, is a very expensive one, as will be seen by the figures the commissioner gives. State insurance would not involve the support of an army of agents nor the distribution of tons of printed matter in the form of illuminated show cards, elegant calendars, free blotting pads, and the like. It would be carried on at the court houses by the county officers, with the help of two or three clerks. Besides, it is probable that the fire losses would be considerably diminished under such a system, by the awakening of a vigilant public sentiment that would make incendiary fires, started to get insurance, much more hazardous than they now are. If a trader now sets his building on fire it is nobody's business unless he should be caught in the act. The question of the origin of the fire is not a public one, but concerns only the insurance companies and the man himself. Other people do not go out of their way to give evidence that will keep insurance money out of their town and possibly prevent the erection of a new building in place of the one burned. If insurance were a State matter every citizen would be interested in keeping down the fire losses. Any experienced insurance agent will astonish you by his estimate of the per centage of fires of mysterious origin occurring on premises or in stocks that are well insured. A man locks up his store or shop in the evening and goes home. Some hours later a fire breaks out. By the time the engines get water on the flames all traces of their real origin have been destroyed. The newspapers say the fire was probably caused by a defective flue, the man gets his insurance money and the matter ends. If incendiarism from interested motives could be eliminated from the insurance problem rates could be reduced very much below the present figures.

HUBBARD, IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

HUBBARD, Nov. 3, 1891.

To the Editor of *The Northwest Magazine*:

This section of Minnesota is now enjoying the greatest season of prosperity ever known. Hubbard is located upon the famous First Prairie at the outlet of Long Lake, the finest water power and lake reservoir in the Northwest. There are millions of feet of pine tributary to this great water power and which will be manufactured at this place. There are over 20,000 acres of land under cultivation on First Prairie. One farmer who threshed 1,500 bushels of grain in 1890, this year of 1891 threshed over 2,500 bushels of grain off of the same land, being a gain of ten bushels per acre. Wheat is averaging over twenty-five bushels per acre. I think it safe to say that there is no place offering such inducements to the farmer for money making as in Northern Minnesota. I can name scores and scores of farmers who have come into this section of Minnesota and bought farms on time, and in two years of crops have paid for the farm at rate of \$10 per acre. There are now plenty of good farming lands, both improved and unimproved, which can be bought at from \$5 to \$15 per acre. All of these lands are close to good markets and railroads, and where the farmer can have all the advantages of good schools and churches. The N. P. R. R. Co. has many thousands of acres of choicest farming lands for sale in Hubbard County which can be had at low prices.

The Great Northern Railroad Company has now extended its line from Eagle Bend to Park Rapids in this county, and will of course have everything its own way until the N. P. R. R. builds a line from Staples to Hubbard, and from here to Fertile, which must be done in order to protect their traffic from this territory which they have held so long, and I understand the people of Hubbard and First Prairie have made a proposition to the N. P. R. R. Co. for aid in the construction of said line, which is now being entertained by the company. With the completion of said line the people of this section of the State will have the advantage of two great competitive lines of railway. To all seekers of homes in Northern Minnesota, the writer will be glad to furnish all the information desired free. Having been a resident of Northern Minnesota for over ten years, I would consider it a great pleasure to impart information to all who may be in search of same, and to assure a hearty welcome to those who come among us and become citizens of the fairest State in the Union.

I. H. BRADFORD.

GRIGGS, COOPER & CO.

Already the business men of the Northwest know of the disastrous fire that occurred recently at the corner of Third and Wacouta streets and in which the house of Griggs, Cooper & Co., was supposed to be such heavy losers. That the fire was disastrous is true but that even a much greater calamity would not seriously cripple this firm is also true. They are now located at No. 228 East Third Street but that is only temporary. By December 1, they will again be in their old offices and as fast as workmen and money will rebuild the former structure it will be done and

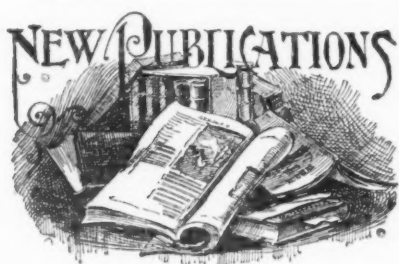
when finished it will be better than ever before. Mr. C. Milton Griggs and Mr. Jas. W. Cooper, the active members of the firm, are competent and well known business men while the other partners, D. C. Shepard and Col. Griggs have had so much to do with the building up of St. Paul and the Northwest that scarcely anything could be added to their enviable reputations. With almost unlimited capital and a standing record to none in the commercial world their business is steadily on the increase in even greater proportion than the development of the Northwest. In this issue of *THE NORTHWEST* will be found an engraving of their building in which their friends and customers will find them again before many days. The great fire was a loss to be sure, but it will come principally from the inconvenience they were put to in being obliged to move from their old offices and back again while the work of repairing is going on.

FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.

The night of November 17th saw one of the most disastrous fires that has visited St. Paul in many years and one of the firms to suffer a severe loss was Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co., that has been established since 1850, and incorporated under the present management since 1887. Fortunately their warehouse stock was separated from the main building and was saved from the fire. This, with the cordial assistance rendered by the wholesale hardware houses of the Twin Cities, Chicago and St. Louis, enabled the Company to resume business the next morning in temporary quarters, but by the time these lines are being read they will be in their permanent new quarters at Nos. 213, 215, 217, 219 and 221 East Third Street. Heavy stocks of goods had already been bought by the firm's buyers in the New York and foreign markets and were in transit at the time of the fire. These goods are arriving daily and, together with the heavy purchases made since the fire will make the stock in the new quarters even larger and better selected than ever before. As importers and jobbers this firm is too well known to need any extensive advertising. To add the names of the board of directors of the company is the best thing to do here: They are A. M. Ozmun, R. A. Kirk, E. P. Strong, W. T. Miller, F. A. Bostwick. The volume and character of the business of the past year have been immensely satisfactory and it is a remarkable fact that the orders secured since the fire have kept closely to the record of the year. The general hardware trade of Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co. extends over the entire country tributary to St. Paul as a jobbing center and reaches westward to the Pacific Coast.



GRIGGS, COOPER & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS, ST. PAUL.



"Cowell's Time Chart of the World" is a handy little book, so thin that it's not in the way for packing and very convenient for travelers. It gives information, in table form, of different monies, baggage allowed, postage and all that sort of thing. It is issued by the "Time Chart Publishing Co., Ypsilanti, Mich."

In a decidedly different vein is Harriet Shattuck's little book "The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law," which is designed simply as a help to those organizing clubs, societies, etc. She herself is president of the Boston Political Class and ought to know, you know. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

"On the Lake of Lucerne and Other Stories" is one of those books whose outside is more inviting than the inside, being very pretty bound in blue and white. The stories are dull and without originality. The author is evidently an English woman, Beatrice Whitby. The book is issued by Appleton & Co., New York.

Another for smaller people, is Mary Wiley Storer's "New and True," which she aptly announces on the pretty red cover as

"Rhymes and Rhythms and Histories Droll,
For Boys and Girls from Poet to Poet."

It is "chuck full," they would say, of pretty pictures. Lee & Shepard, publishers.

"Mostly Marjorie Day" is a sweet, simple love story by the ever popular writer, Virginia F. Townsend. Her heroine is a pure hearted, earnest, but not goody-goody society girl who abjures a season at Newport to become, unknown to her friends, a sort of maid to an invalid. She is loved by a manly sort of fellow one likes, who proposes before he knows she is not what she seems. "Marjorie Day" belongs to a uniform series published by Lee & Shepard.

Among the earliest of holiday books is Kate Tannatt Woods' "Grandfather Grey," a companion poem to her earlier one, "The Woeing of Grandmother Grey." The former is printed on fine heavy paper, prettily bound in two colors and profusely and most beautifully and understandingly illustrated by engravings made from Charles Copeland's drawings. 'Tis a pretty Xmas gift for a dear old grandpère or grandmere, to whom its quaint pictures will bring tender memories of the long ago. Lee & Shepard publishers.

"The Business of Travel: A Fifty Years' Record of Progress," written by W. Fraser Rae, published by Thos. Cook & Son, is one of those books which always arouse the inquiry, "Who reads them?" though, indeed, it is the record of the wide spread growth of a business only possible in these later days, the conduct of travelers all over the globe. The book includes the proceedings of the magnificent banquet in London which commemorated the Cook Jubilee last July, whereat were divers and sundry dukes and lords, highnesses and serene highnesses, who made speeches.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have rendered a service in republishing in book form Carl Schurz' delightful essay on Abraham Lincoln, which first appeared as a review of Nicolay and Hay's interminable history of Lincoln. Mr. Schurz' essay is probably the sanest though admiring, comprehensive though compact, accurate though "talky" view of Lincoln's wonderful life and personality ever written. A fine photograph portrait, reproduced from the original, owned by Mr. W. L. Garrison of Boston and accounted one of the best likenesses of Lincoln, forms the frontispiece.

But what shall I say of "Little Captain Doppelkop?" Ingersoll Lockwood has quite outdone himself this time. The trouble is there are 237 large pages of pure enjoyment and 1 run for your open-mouthed boys and the small ones. A't let you stop till you've read them every one, not to speak of letting them take the book at every page or two to look at the droll pictures which Clifton Johnson has so fitted to the text. "Little Captain Doppelkop" was two children rolled into one and their adventures in Glaucus' Gluepot, Bubbleland, the Castle of Indolence

and where—all kept even poor old me interested. The book is bound prettily in gray-green touched up with darker and gold; just the book for your boy's Xmas tree. Another of Lee & Shepard's.

Children's books for the holidays are crowding in. A popular one for boys is another in the "Young Heroes of Our Navy" series—"Midshipman Paulding," by Molly Elliot Seawell. It is a charming little story of a fourteen-year-old boy who rendered brave service under Macdonough in the war of 1812. His talks with "Danny," a veteran who was on the "Bunnum Richard with Cap'n Paul Jones," as he loses no opportunity to tell us, are entertaining to older people as well as the boys who would listen bright-eyed. The illustrations are fine half tones, the paper heavy, and the binding quite naval—dark blue with ship and anchor, and a jolly tar's verse in gold. Appleton, publisher.

"Julien Gordon's" last story, "A Puritan Pagan," is somewhat of a disappointment to those who have read that New York society lady's former brilliant novels. She says, "I dedicate this story of a man's sin and repentance to earnest people;—why, scarcely appears. In brief, it is the story of a man who marries a scientist's daughter upon his death. "Norwood"—he has no other name, even his wife calls him that—has not wakened to love, though the girl, shy and reserved, adores him. They live a sort of oatmeal existence for three years till he meets a young widow, his client, and is charmed through his senses and sins. He is immediately bowed with shame; and after carrying his secret for months, he frantically tells it to his wife when the woman dies in bearing her child; for of course the woman must be more cursed. "Paula" leaves him that night, late as 'tis, and seeks refuge with an aunt, under whose tutelage and that of a Mrs. Heathcote, she becomes a noted society woman. This Mr. Heathcote is constantly spoken of as sweet and womanly and noble, but she herself gives no sign of any such characteristic. She is simply a clever social leader, no friend to women, and whose worldly aphorisms disgust earnest people. Paula becomes a reigning success in Europe, but after years returns to her husband who has worked and waited and loved her madly all these years. There seems to be nothing "to point the moral or adorn the tale." The book is simply entertaining, rather bright and containing the worldly wisdom of one who is "in it." "A Puritan Pagan" is published by Appleton of New York.

"Freeland, a Social Anticipation," by Dr. Theodor Hertzka, is what its name implies, another of the books on the Bellamy order depicting the unalloyed bliss and uninterrupted success of a country conducted on the most advanced of Nationalist ideas. The author, a well known Vienna economist, appears sanguine for his scheme, for he dates the establishment of the first city in the great Central Africa country chosen for the experiment, 18—, and says in his preface that the publication of his book in Austria and Germany has resulted in the organization of many local societies and, last March, in the International Freeland Society, which really expects to move upon Africa soon. For further information the author refers inquirers to himself or to his translator, Arthur Ransom. The book is readable and contains many practicable ideas, but that a country can be in 18—, or even in 19—, governed without, practically, a government, can dispense with jails and reformatories, can transform swindlers and idlers "in three weeks" into valuable citizens by force of Freeland Ozone alone, is, as Keats says of love, "hard for the non-elect to understand." The picture drawn of the model city is in many respects pleasant, but rather too radically changed for conservatives, while its life appears too cut-and-dried for those who prefer to hack out their angels by free strokes. Such books are chiefly valuable in that they keep men's minds alive to the great questions of progress and help for the masses. "Freeland" is issued in attractive form by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Everyone who knows Phillida Callender loves and honors her. She's a very human, winning young girl if she did not aspire to be a faith doctor. One sympathizes with her aspirations, her genuine goodness, her too many love, her struggle with what she conceives a hard duty, her shrinking from the inevitable separateness and notoriety which it entails, sympathizes truly, though he may have a small sympathy with any of it abstractly. "The Faith Doctor" is the best novel which has appeared for a long time. It seems rather a jotted down record of real lives, so natural and well drawn are the characters. Charley Millard, the young fellow whose sole ambition has been to enter New York's society and who, having achieved it, is disciplined by loving the young girl who gives name to the book, is scarcely worthy of her though he develops slightly. The first chapters, devoted to his rise, are witty, strengthened by apt and novel analogies and full of worldly wisdom which may serve as a guide book to those bent on the same success. His friend, Philip Gouverneur, Phillida's swell cousin, is rather a pathetic personage to you when you have overcome your impatience with his shiftlessness, Phillida's sister

Agatha is a common-sense, free-spoken, jolly girl whom we'd all like to know personally. Mrs. Frankland, the ambitious, worldly minded but self deceived and emotional Bible reader is of a despicable type who do much harm in the world, yet even she is presented impartially as she is, and we must supply our own indignation. These are the principal characters, though all who come into the circle, if only in passing, are clear-cut, real people. The story has been running in a magazine, but is one of those which, to be fully enjoyed, must be read uninterruptedly. "The Faith Doctor" is very different from Edward Eggleston's former popular books and a decided advance. There are many people still living near here who remember Eggleston when he lived "down the road" in Minnesota. A small town in the vicinity of Hastings still bears his name. D. Appleton & Co., have issued "The Faith Doctor" in attractive form.

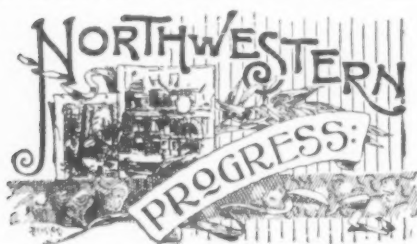
Another book both dis and encouraging is Louis Albert Banks' "White Slaves: the Oppression of the Worthy Poor." It is the first, in that it presents a terribly true picture of life in our boasted nineteenth century, a picture which arouses the horror and chivalry of those who read; but it is encouraging in that it shows that champions are arising. Dr. Banks is a Boston minister who writes of what he has actually seen and heard in the tenements and the sweat-houses of liberty loving Boston. In a rather dry style, to be sure, but one which holds by its earnestness and matter, he tells of injustice and outrage which make one's blood boil, of women working their lives out for forty cents a day—a day reaching far into the night; of tiny children—for, more's the pity, there is no lack of them, whether or no the parents lack food—children who "finish" clothing almost from the time they can walk; of fifty tenement houses which pay their millionaire owners thirty-three per cent on their sin and disease producing investments; of dry goods' clerks, girls, who are blandly told they must eke out their wages, insufficient for bare life, by "a friend," though Dr. Banks does not mention the "well-known firms" by name. Perhaps, though, they are pew-holders and heavy supporters of the up-town churches. This grand, glorious country, according to Dr. Banks, allows its postal uniforms to be made in Boston by sweaters, so that women obtain nine and one-half cents a pair for making the trousers. In short, the book should be read. It contains many fine half-tone illustrations of actual places and each chapter is prefaced by a ringing verse—many from that soldier of the poor, Lowell.

TWIXT PAPER COVERS.

"A Merciful Divorce" is a book whose very being is an accusation against the society of the day, both because it depicts one phase of it truly and because it will pay to publish. There isn't a noble character in the book, scarcely a respectable one, though the author endeavors to make us believe the hero's cousin to be both. Her weakness is really criminal, and were it not, the world is surely old enough to understand that a woman who marries to relieve a relative, for home, for anything but love, is simply a legalized prostitute who receives a better price. Lady Broadacres, a grandmother, is a worldly, disgusting old woman whom those of us who cherish saintly, white-haired grandmothers, resent. The hero deserves all he gets and more of disgrace, and the whole thing would convince anyone with self-respect that if society is really that, "dis nigga takes to de woods." Appleton & Co., are responsible for the book, though F. W. Maude, with his gratuitous insults to Americans, wrote it.

Appleton's "Town and Country" series have two additions. "The Johnstown Stage, and Other Stories" are breezily told and interesting. They have a wild-west flavor and dialect which is taking and you're apt to read it through. Robert Howe Fletcher's the author. Beatrice Whitby's "One Reason Why" is the other, a rather stupid love story with a cad for a hero and a woman with no proper pride for the heroine. Another from the same author appears from the Rand, McNally presses, "A Matter of Skill," the regulation of love story without distinction of any kind, by no means "a matter of skill." Lee & Shepard have issued another of the "Good Company Series," Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin's novel "His Marriage Vow" which was first published nearly twenty years ago and was so popular as to be reprinted now. There is much that is genuinely good and thoroughly interesting in it. Its tone, too, is pure, though sensation lovers may like the oft-stated and aggressive purity of its characters which renders others uncomfortable. The hero, too, the virgin—curious and suggestive that the English language contains no masculine equivalent word—husband of an invalid wife is an anomaly. He loves his wife most devotedly, prays for and rejoices heartily over her temporary recovery all the time that he is passionately and honorably (?) in love with another woman. To most of us the situation appears perplexing, not to say ridiculous. The Fleming H. Revell Co., send a thoroughly sensible address by Maud Balfouring. Both, the woman who so aroused New York not long ago. "Wanted—Antiseptic Christians," is its taking title.

PALMER HENDERSON.



Minnesota.

THE records show that the two mills at Duluth manufactured during the month of October 84,375 barrels of flour, which is equivalent to over 4,500,000 bushels of wheat per annum. In a few weeks the new machinery of the Imperial mill will about double this figure, so that Duluth will be converting about a quarter as much wheat as Minneapolis into flour.

THE whole number of those admitted to the day schools of St. Paul in October, 1890, was 13,285; this year, for the same date, it is 14,085. The number of pupils attending the night schools last October was 1,276; this year it has risen to 1,598. The total enrollment last October thus appears to be 14,561, while this year it is 15,673. The increase, says the *Pioneer Press*, of more than 1,000 pupils in the entire attendance at the public schools is a demonstration of a large growth in population.

THE committee of three from the St. Paul Jobbers' Union, Messrs. Channing Seabury, E. F. Warner and J. H. Burwell—appointed to secure threshing machines and men for the wheat fields of North Dakota and Minnesota in October, made their report last month. It shows that these gentlemen sent and caused to be sent from points in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa, 214 machines and nearly 9,000 men. These crews have up to this time threshed probably 6,500,000 bushels of grain that would yet be in shock or stack, had they not come to the rescue, and much of which would have been ruined otherwise.

North Dakota.

GRIGGS COUNTY will average over thirty bushels per acre this year. Our farmers will have money to throw at the birds. If any farmers in the Red River Valley are short of funds and need some good substantial loans, just drop any Griggs County farmer a line and they will be "in it."—*Cooperstown Courier*.

JOHN NAGLE, a successful farmer at Manvel, Grand Forks County, received from five acres of wheat 240 bushels, or forty-eight bushels to the acre. From five acres of oats he threshed 400 bushels, or eighty bushels per acre. Henry Bushaw, another good farmer in that neighborhood, threshed 120 bushels of wheat from two acres, or sixty bushels to the acre. Who can match this?—*Northwest News*.

IT is evident that North Dakota is on the eve of an immigration and real estate boom and that the people of the East are looking toward the great wheat belt of the Northwest—North Dakota. From all over the State we see reports of large land sales and other property, and real estate agents and others are daily receiving inquiries about farm lands, etc. This is only the forerunner of a boom like unto the old days, and next year we expect to see people pouring into the State from all parts of the East.—*Cooperstown Courier*.

THE rush of travel to North Dakota for the last few months is enormous and unprecedented. The hotels and trains are full of people of all classes. From the harvest laborer to the wholesale dealer, from the smoking car and colonist sleeper to the Pullman; the crowd has been coming and going, to get a share of the great harvest. The runner is ubiquitous, at every stop; at every town they get off and on in swarms, and the ordinary traveler is lucky to get a bed after these gentry are supplied. Even in the larger towns, the great hotels are obliged to turn guests away whom they would be glad to accommodate. The landlord waxes fat and the railroads will declare dividends, but we hope the farmer who "pays the fare and freight" will keep a share for himself.—*Pembina Pioneer*.

EXPORTING BRAN.—The Grand Forks *Herald* notes that the millers of North Dakota are receiving some very heavy orders for bran from buyers across the water, which, by the way, is an unusual thing. The freight rates are very high on bran on account of it being so bulky, but it seems that the scarcity of food in European countries has forced them to draw upon the United States. The Diamond Milling Company, of that city, is now filling an order for 100 tons for parties in Hamburg, Germany, and it will be shipped directly from Grand Forks to that place. The company receives in the neighborhood of \$10 per ton for the bran, and with freight added, it costs the German buyers about \$23.00 per ton,

laid down at its destination. This is considerably cheaper than it was before the freight tariff was changed, as per the present special arrangement. If this demand from foreign countries continues, the prices will advance so materially that bran mashes will be a luxury on this side of the water.

SENATOR HANSBROUGH is going to put in some hard work for North Dakota this winter. He is going to try and get all the swamp and arid lands in this State, and which were formerly ceded to Minnesota, deeded to this State. Much of this land has been drained and has proved very valuable. It is a matter involving at present fully \$10,000,000 to the State, and if successfully carried through may sometime prove very valuable to North Dakota. Another important matter to which Senator Hansbrough will give his attention is to secure to North Dakota the five per cent premium from the sale of public lands since admission to the Union. Montana and South Dakota have already received their quota amounting to \$20,000 in Montana and \$11,897.50 in South Dakota. In this State it will amount to fully \$25,000.

THERE is a wealthy Englishman, possessing the suggestive name of Plenty, hard at work at a coal mine in Mercer County, getting out coal to ship down the river in barges. He claims that there is a great demand for this coal in South Dakota—an obvious truth—and he thinks that the industry of mining it and taking down there will pay. A bunch of Mercer County men who were talking the matter up a few days ago in Strickland's store in Stanton, ventured the opinion that the coal he would get down would not sell for enough to pay for hauling the barges back again. While it would be a fine thing to turn the coal wealth of Mercer County into money, there are very serious questions as to this barge scheme being a paying speculation. Still, as Mr. Plenty is speculating with his own money, nobody has any fault to find.—*Mandan Pioneer*.

PEOPLE are getting more or less excited over the cattle and sheep business. There is a good deal of money to be made by the wide awake man who has a little money to put into beef and mutton on the hoof. Two years ago Messrs. Stoughton and Keogh, of Hebron, bought 175 head of young stock, paying \$8 a head for them. They have just sold the entire bunch for \$40 a head, spot cash, net. This is 500 per cent profit on the money invested in two years, or in other words, 250 per cent per annum. One can find any number of people who say they have made from 50 to 100 per cent per annum on sheep, but this cattle deal beats the record. There is no doubt whatever but that the men who will, this fall, put up a few hundred tons of hay, and then buy some of the immature cattle that the Montana people are fond of shipping to the Eastern markets every fall, and feed the hay to them, will just about double the money by the spring. There is an abiding faith in the strength of the market possessed by everybody one meets. It is claimed that there is a shortage of beef and mutton, and that the consumers of these articles of food will in the next two or three years, at least, be compelled to pay a good deal more for them than they have paid in the past. This is certainly good news for the people of this section of country.—*Mandan Pioneer*.

Montana.

THE Chicago Iron Works, manufacturers of mining machinery and machinery for the reduction of ores, have established their Western office in Helena, Montana. Mr. Henno Unzicker is in charge of the Western and Northwestern business.

THE Rocky Fork Town and Electric Company have let the contract for laying the foundation of the new hotel to a gentleman in Livingston, and operations will commence at once as most of the rock has already been quarried on the opposite side of Rock Creek, and all there will be to do will be to put it in place.

IT is doubtful if in the United States there is another mine that possesses such wonderful smelting combinations at those combined in the Cumberland. The whole ore chute from the surface down to below the 350-foot level is wholly carbonates. Three-fifths of the mineral disclosed on the 500-foot level is the same character of ore. It is easily smelted. The lime and iron needed to blend with the furnace charge is procured from the same mine. The company has three calcining furnaces and a twenty-ton smelter.—*Helena Mining Review*.

MONTANA SAPPHIRES.—There is doubtless a combined effort on the part of dealers in precious stones, who have large stocks already on hand, to depreciate the value and extent of Montana mines until such time as they can dispose of their stock, and load up with gems from the mines here. A depreciation in the diamond market would be a severe blow to dealers, and they cannot be blamed much for endeavoring to belittle any threatened rival, as that, if successful, would mean great loss and perhaps financial ruin to many establishments. There is no question about the popularity of the Montana sapphire. They have only to be seen to be admired, and are

sure to be in great demand. The stories related by the New York importers of jewels are being refuted and they will be obliged to give in. Tiffany & Co., Lyman & Berg and other firms in New York have cut hundreds of the stones for residents in Helena, and they cannot claim ignorance of their existence.—*Helena Herald*.

THE St. Louis people who are interested in mining properties in the Pony district, in Madison County, will put in a fifty-ton concentrator as soon as they can determine on what process will be the most practicable for the class of ore in the district. It is their intention to have the works in active operation early in the spring. The company own sixteen claims in group, and several of them give promise of being second to none in the State, as far as production is concerned. The ore varies from \$30 per ton upwards to several hundred dollars per ton.—*Helena Mining Review*.

THE Canon Diten Company has awarded the contract for the construction of a ditch which will be of incalculable benefit to Missoula. The contract calls for a ditch to be constructed which is to be thirteen and one-half feet at the top, six and one-half at the bottom, three and one-half feet deep and seven and one-half miles in length. The ditch is to be started about one mile above the foot of the Black Foot River. The construction will entail an expenditure of about \$30,000, and the ditch is to be turned over to the company by the contractors May 1, 1892. It is proposed that the ditch shall distribute water for irrigating purposes all over South Missoula, and the distribution of this water will transform the present desert-like land in that locality into a veritable garden. The ditch when finally completed will actually be twelve miles, and the gross cost of the same about \$40,000. The construction of this ditch will naturally cause the employment of a great deal of labor.

Idaho.

NEAR Soda Springs is a mountain of almost pure sulphur. Parties are tunneling the mountain from different points. It is only a question of time when a good force will be put to work and large shipments made to Eastern markets. The mountain is only six miles from Soda, and the road leading thereto is a good one.

COL. I. N. MUNCEY, with a syndicate of St. Paul capitalists behind him, has bonded several of the dry ore prospects on the Osburn belt. Among them is the famous Mineral Point, adjoining the town of Osburn. Work will begin at once on some of the properties, and Col. Muncey is still looking for more claims to bond.—*Mullan Tribune*.

Oregon.

THE product of a ten-acre apple orchard in the Rogue River Valley, near Grant's Pass, was sold lately to the Earl Fruit Company, of San Francisco, for \$4,850. The price paid was sixty-five cents per box. The buyer did the packing, picking and furnished boxes. The apples were of the red winter variety and were packed for the Australian and Japan markets.

TO the long list of food fishes caught in these waters is to be added the mackerel. Five fishes that looked to be mackerel were caught here yesterday—two off the wharf and three in a boat. One of the fishes will be sent to the fish sharp at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, to decide upon its classification, but nearly every one who saw them yesterday said the fish was mackerel.—*Astorian*.

"OREGON on wheels," a car sent out by the State Board of Immigration for the purpose of advertising Oregon, was in St. Paul last month on its way East. The car is a fine example of the coach maker's art, painted dead white and adorned with Willamette Valley scenery. The interior is lighted by electricity and occupied by a handsome exhibit of Oregon's products in all varieties and styles.

Washington.

GRAYS HARBOR is the only point on the Pacific Coast where the genuine Eastern clams have been transplanted and are now produced in inexhaustible quantities.

THE State has 1,819 miles of railroad. Whitman County leads with 272 miles; Spokane second with 189 and King third with 187. Adams County has sixty-six miles. The total valuation of all the railroads in the State is \$12,014,798.

THE Yakima Republic says that Peter Gervais, of Yakima, has raised 2,455 bushels of potatoes on one acre, without rain or irrigation, and the potatoes were so large that four of them that were taken to the Republic office weighed nineteen pounds. The potatoes were worth, at \$10 per ton, just \$736.50, and were raised on \$60 per acre school land.

"TIME will not have made very extensive inroads on the calendar of next year before the Northern Pacific will begin the construction of a branch road from Ocoota to South Bend. The construction of this branch has been decided upon, but it cannot be stated positively whether

the route has been definitely fixed upon or not. An official of the road, who is in a position to know, said that plans had been adopted. It is believed that the extension of the road from Ocoota to South Bend is the old scheme of the Northern Pacific to build to Astoria, Or."—*Tacoma Ledger*.

NEW WHATCOM is neither the home of the whaleback nor the mossback, the shell game nor the bunko game, and is progressing rapidly. It promises and has promised little; but no city in Washington has made more rapid strides during the last year. It is now favored by the postal department with a free delivery, while but a very short time since the mail was distributed from a cigar box—that is, it was distributed when the postmaster was good natured and was not chewing clams, shells and all.—*New Whatcom Recville*.

A CALIFORNIA company has leased for a couple of years a coal mine near Kelo, about half a mile from the Cowlitz River and three miles from the Columbia, in Cowlitz County, and is preparing to develop it. A tunnel has been run in 200 feet on the upper vein, and from this point a shaft has been sunk eighty feet, passing through five strata of coal. The first is seven feet in thickness, the second two and one-half feet, the third four and one-half feet, the fourth five and one-half feet and the fifth seven and one-half feet. There is coal enough in the upper stratum to last for a generation or so.

MRS. EMILY KNIGHT, of Tacoma, assayer and mining expert, has bonded the Blue Bell mine, in the Gold Hill district, near Yakima, for \$50,000, and has also bonded nine other claims at smaller figures. While at Yakima she spent about \$1,000 for team, wagon and prospector's outfit, and fearlessly struck off for the Cascades, where her interests are centered. Mrs. Knight will make a careful analysis of the rock to determine the character of the machinery necessary in handling it, and, when satisfied on this point, will leave for San Francisco to purchase the plant for crushing or reducing the ore.

BORAX beds have been discovered sixty miles east of Ellensburg, in Douglas County. The rocks that surround them are of basalt formation. These beds, he says, are in a sag or small coulee that runs down to the Columbia River, and are distant from it nearly thirty miles. The borax liquid is about milk warm when it issues from the bottom of the crystallized beds. It bubbles up from the bottom and is plainly discerned in many places. There are fissures that give the liquid vent, and as soon as it is exposed to the air it crystallizes and forms the beds in which it is found. This formation is going on all the while.

"THE crops around Walla Walla have been large this year, and have brought good prices. The fruit, however, has been 'out of sight,' and our town is getting to be the San Jose of the Northwest. This year was an off year with us for grain, only one-third of the usual acreage being planted. Next year, however, if the full acreage is put in and the present prices hold, our crops will be twenty times larger than they were this year. The surrounding country is being developed rapidly, artesian wells are being bored, and we have found some very rich deposits of opals. Altogether, our section is getting along finely."—*F. J. Packer*.

Alaska.

REINDEER FOR ALASKA.—The revenue steamer Bear has returned to Unalaska from a two and a half month's cruise in the Arctic Ocean, during which she made a trip to the Siberian coast, bringing back with her eight reindeer. Speaking about this animal, Capt. Healey says in his report to the Government: The reindeer seems to be the solution of three vital questions of existence in the country, viz: food, clothing, and transportation, and I believe that under the care and attention of white men the usefulness of the animal will be immeasurably improved over what it is now in Siberia. On board the ship the animals soon accustomed themselves to their surroundings and with a plentiful supply of food have thrived beyond expectations. Many erroneous reports have pictured them fastidious and difficult to care for, but they have been found particularly hardy and with an ability to care for themselves that shows that they will exist where animals of like nature are found. These facts and the plentiful supply of moss found all along the Alaskan coast makes their thriving beyond a question of doubt.

Manitoba.

THE new Manitoba Hotel, at Winnipeg, will be completed and opened not later than January 1st next. W. J. Gunning, of St. Paul, has been appointed manager.

The Canadian Northwest.

THE people of Victoria, B. C., were not satisfied with the showing of the city in the recent census returns, and a new census of the place was taken under the directions of the city council, showing a population of over 25,000. The government census only gave the population of the city at 16,841. There is too great a discrepancy here to be

accounted for by padding in the municipal census, though it may be perhaps granted that the latter is probably too high. It should now be in order for the government to order a new and careful census of the place, in order to substantiate or condemn its former figures. If the government cannot substantiate its figures, the whole work of the late census will be looked upon as very imperfect and misleading.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

To move Manitoba's wheat crop this year, estimated at 20,000,000 bushels, it would take 32,000 cars of 625 bushels to a car, or 1,230 engines drawing twenty-six cars each. The whole would extend over 220 miles in a line. At the rate of one train every two hours it would take three and a half months to transport the entire crop.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf?

Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 18, Hammond Building, Fourth and Vine, Cincinnati, O.

Large Order for Turbines.

Eighteen large water-wheels were recently ordered of James Leffel & Co., Springfield, Ohio, builders of the famous James Leffel Water-Wheel, by one firm. The Turbines of this large order, are to be used for driving a fine wood pulp mill, now under contract for construction in Wisconsin. This mill is situated near large quantities of suitable timber and where ample water power can be obtained.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Four Hundred Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis—and Chicago.

These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car service in the world.

The electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits, as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the West enjoying the exclusive use of this patent.

For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address W. D. Dixon, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent St. Paul, Minn.

How to Reach New England Investors.

The average New Englander ought to be happy and satisfied now. He is the richest man in the United States.

A census bulletin issued to-day shows the value per capita of the real and personal property of the United States as assessed by the State officials, and New England heads the procession; more than that, Massachusetts takes the very first place.

The New Englander is a natural investor. He only needs to be told of an opportunity and his money is ready.

The Boston Globe is the best medium for reaching the investing classes of New England. It has the largest circulation, is read by over 750,000 people every day, and covers the field as no other paper or periodical can.

The Globe Newspaper Co., Boston, Mass., will cheerfully furnish estimates on any kind of advertising on application.

Time to Swear Off.

New Year's day is fast approaching, when the young man will do some tall swearing. But it will not last long. He will take another turn, and then, in the words of a local rhymster, "He will execute a scramble for the green where others gamble; he will saturate his system with Old Rye that seeks to twist him round some lamp post, and the fairies of the stage will be his peris. For, although the soul is willing, flesh is weak and time needs killing, and these New Year days of reason are the young man's Lenten season." But if he is wise, he will make one good resolution and adhere to it strictly; and that is to take the St. Paul & Duluth Rail-

road—the popular Duluth Short Line—when traveling from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater and other points. If you like comfort and want the best modern service, always take the old pioneer route, which has long enjoyed a popularity commensurate with its efforts to please and improve. This is the line for tourists, business men, everybody. For circulars, etc., address Geo. W. Bull, General Passenger Agent, or Geo. C. Gillilan, Asst. G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Good Luck for 1892.

The last few days of 1891 remind us that it is a pleasant custom among friends to wish each other, at the advent of a New Year, happiness and prosperity for the coming months. Just why our good wishes should be any more fervent at the beginning of the year than at any other period, it would be hard to say; certainly our friends need good fortune at one time as well as another. But whatever the reason or unreason of it, "The Burlington" believes it a custom to be honored and very cordially wishes its friends and patrons and the public generally, a "Happy New Year." As our particular friends are the traveling public, we would elaborate a little by hoping that, by whatever line you journey, your trains will run without accident and make good time; your way lie through lovely scenery; your trip be one of comfort in Pullman sleepers and reclining chair cars; your meals be enjoyed on dining cars whose cuisine is peerless, and your baggage be safely delivered. If you travel by other lines, we hope for the above good luck; if you use "The Burlington" we know it will be so. For tickets, rates and maps, call on your nearest ticket agent, or address W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, C. & N. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Now Runs

"Parlor Cars to Chicago,"
"Daylight Trains to Chicago,"
"Solid Vestibuled Trains to Chicago,"
"Steam Heated Trains to Chicago,"
"Electric Lighted Trains to Chicago,"
"Electric Reading Lamps in Berths,"
"Finest Dining Cars in the World,"
"Thirteen hours and a half to Chicago,"
"Solid Vestibuled Trains to Kansas City,"
"Double Daily Pullman Service to St. Louis,"
"Through Coaches to St. Louis,"
"Through Coaches to Kansas City on Morning and Evening Trains,"
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BAKING ON A BONANZA FARM.—One of the novelties to be seen on the big farm of Samuel Glover, in Dickey County, North Dakota, is a brick oven built out-of-doors near the house. A fire of wood is built in it. When thoroughly heated the coals are drawn out, and the oven will bake three courses of articles. The value of this oven can be seen when it is known that the harvest force consume, over forty loaves of bread per day.

DE MORES AND THE FICKLE GODDESS.—When Miss Medora Hoffman, daughter of the rich New York banker, was married in 1882 to the handsome young Frenchman, the Marquis de Mores, says the New York Press, there were not a few of her intimate friends who predicted that the match would turn out in the usual way where American heiresses married titled foreigners. The Marquis cut a great swell for four or five years in this country as a cattle grower in North Dakota and as the originator of a scheme of retail markets in New York City, where he proposed to sell his range cattle from the meat block direct to consumers. One of his Western experiences was a conflict with cowboys, in which he killed one of their number. He was tried for murder and acquitted. The prediction of Miss Hoffman's friends has now come true, as his own father has joined his wife in applying in Paris for an order to restrain the Marquis from squandering his property. The Marquise has also asked to be divorced from her husband, who has squandered nearly all her fortune.

KATE FIELD ON DESCRIPTIVE WRITING.—"I don't believe in what is called word-painting, at least for scenery. The very best writers fail to convey the reality to the reader's mind, and as a rule become bores. Nine times out of ten I skip descriptions of scenery, and, judging by myself, I should say the majority of people do likewise. The trip to Alaska is supposed to be entirely composed of scenery. How much space do you think I devote to it in my lecture on that intensely interesting region? Not more than five minutes. And in that time I included the glaciers. If I dilated on the scenery I should put people to sleep. They want to see pictures of scenery, but they don't want words to take the place of pictures, for the excellent reason that words are no proper substitute. Only one's eyes can do justice to the Yosemite, and even then they must be appreciative. Said a young woman, after gazing upon Mount Starr King when glorious with the light of the setting sun: 'It is as pretty as calico.' Do you think such a brain as that should be allowed to visit the Yosemite?"

A MONTANA FARM.—One of the largest, if not the largest ranch in Montana is known as the Spokane ranch. It embraces thirteen thousand acres of splendid land, about fifteen miles east of Helena, right in the midst of the Montana sapphire fields. The crop this year was abundant and the yield per acre large. The wheat yield was thirty-seven bushels to the acre, and the oats went over sixty bushels to the acre. Besides the grain crop harvested there were raised 450 tons of splendid hay. The ground is all susceptible of a high state of cultivation and is owned by Senator W. F. Sanders, D. C. Corbin, S. T. Hauser and others. It was originally taken up for farming and stock-growing purposes, but recent discoveries go to show that it is rich in gems. Sapphires and rubies are found in great quantity and variety in the gravel beneath the soil and the time is near at hand when the Spokane ranch will prove to be one of the richest fields in the world for precious stones. The farming business will be given over for the more profitable one of mining. Gold is also found in the gravel the entire distance from Helena to Three Forks on the Missouri.

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TIMBER.

OATS.

FRUIT.

S E D R O
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COAL.

IRON.

SILVER.

GOLD.

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Wheat Shipping Point of
Puget Sound.

The Wholesale and Manufactur-
ing Center of the Pacific
Northwest.

Look at the Following Evidences of its Growth:

Population in 1880, 720.

Population, { Census 1890, } 40,165.

Assessed value of property in 1880	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888	\$5,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1889	\$20,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1890	\$29,841,750
Real Estate Transfers for 1885	\$667,356
Real Estate Transfers for 1888	\$8,855,598
Real Estate Transfers for 1890	\$15,000,000
Banks in 1880	1
Banks Jan. 1st, 1891	14
Bank Clearances for 1880	\$25,000,000
Bank Clearances for 1890	\$47,000,000
Wholesale business for 1889	\$9,000,000
Wholesale business for 1890	over \$18,000,000
Value of manufacturing products for 1889	\$6,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888	\$2,148,572
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1889	\$5,821,195
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1890	\$6,273,430
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887	\$90,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888	\$263,200
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1889	over \$700,000

Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887	\$250,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888	\$506,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1889	\$750,000
Coal shipped in 1882	(Tons) 56,300
Coal shipped in 1889	(Tons) 180,940
Crop of Hops in 1881	(Bales) 6,098
Crop of Hops in 1889	(Bales) 40,000
Lumber exported in 1887	(Feet) 107,326,280
Wheat shipped in 1889	(Bushels) 1,457,478
Private Schools in 1889	4
Public Schools in 1888	2
Public Schools in 1889	9
Value of Public School Property, 1889	\$264,480
Value of Private School Property, 1889	250,000
Regular Steamers in 1880	6
Regular Steamers in 1889	67
Electric line in operation	(Miles) 12
Electric line building	(Miles) 26
Cable line building	(Miles) 2
Steam motor lines in operation	(Miles) 32

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

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General Manager of The Tacoma Land Co., TACOMA, WASH.

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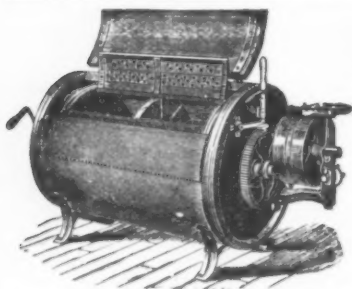
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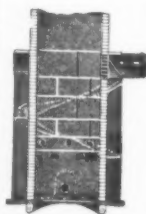
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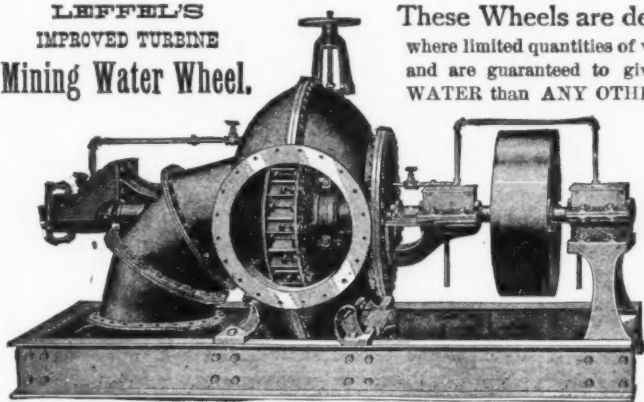
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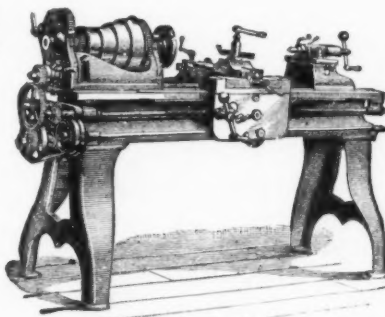
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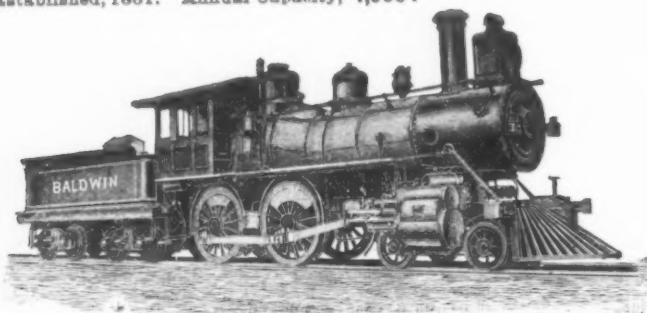
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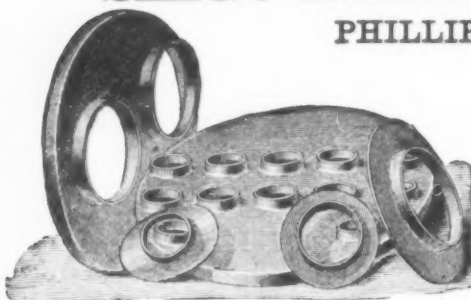
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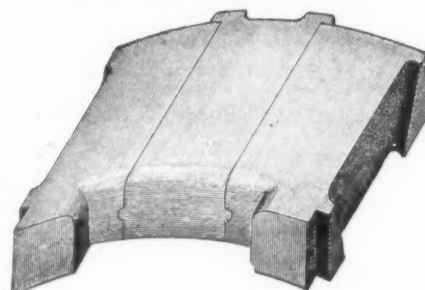
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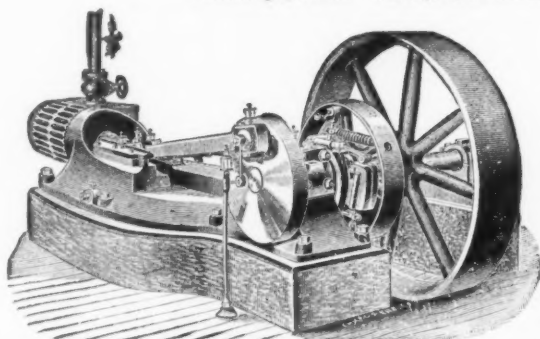
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SPARE MOMENTS.

FRAUDS BY THE THOUSANDS.—The attorney of the Great Northern railroad recently stated in court that 27,000 persons were actually detected in attempts to defraud the company last year.

A VOICE LOST AND FOUND.—Judge Struve, of Seattle, has had a strange experience with his voice. About ten months ago he lost his voice and has been traveling over the country seeking relief. After spending \$5,000 and receiving no benefit, he gave up in despair. One morning recently he woke up with his voice as good as ever.

INTEREST WORKS ALL THE TIME.—"I've got to get to the bank by three to pay the interest on a note," said a man yesterday as he splashed through the mud and the mire and the driving rain. Funny thing about interest. It works right along, no matter how hard the rain comes down, or the wind blows. It is working just as hard at three o'clock in the morning as at three o'clock in the afternoon; never gets sick, never loses a day, hasn't got to eat or wear clothes or buy shoes, but goes along getting its work in right along Sundays and Mondays and holidays.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WEDDINGS.—The newest occupation for women is said to be that of superintendent of weddings. The superintendent, who is usually a youngish woman, is installed in the house of the bride to be some time before the ceremony. She selects the trousseau, advises what is latest and finest in underwear, buys the material and designs, and makes or superintends the making of the gowns, knows all about the stockings, boots, gloves, laces and handkerchiefs, sees to the millinery and jackets and wraps, tells the bride's mother and sisters what to wear, dictates to the bridesmaids, thinks of everything, and lets the engaged couple enjoy themselves with unanxious minds.

PECULIAR FREAK OF A HEN.—Mrs. I. L. Flinchbaugh has a hen in her extensive poultry yard that displays a peculiar freak of character. She has kidnapped and adopted three small kittens and covers them at night as she would her own chickens. If a dog or cat comes near her or her kittens she will ruffle her feathers and sail into her intruders with all the pugilistic ability of a hen, with no regard to Queensbury rules. The old hen is as attentive to the kittens as she could possibly be to a flock of chickens and the kittens seem to take the matter as philosophically as though they were a part and parcel thereunto belonging, except when they want to nurse—then comes the—bottle.—Demersville (Mont) Inter-Lake.

CAPT. McDOUGALL'S PASSENGER SHIP.—"About that passenger vessel that we are to build for the world's fair. We intend to lay the keel right after New Year's and we are ordering the material for it now. When it is finished it will be without exception the most finely built vessel in the world. No money will be spared in making her appointments most luxurious. And we are going to try to make of her the speediest craft afloat. When she starts from here for Chicago I want to take as many newspaper men down on her as I can get. I believe that we can give them breakfast aboard at Duluth and supper in the evening at the Sault. I am in hopes of doing the 400 miles in fifteen hours."—Capt. McDougall in Duluth Herald.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE ONLY WAY.—"I wonder if a man could see Europe on two dollars a day?" "He could if he had a rich wife."

"Are boa constrictors remarkable for longevity?"
"Indeed they are. Some of them grow to be thirty or forty feet long."

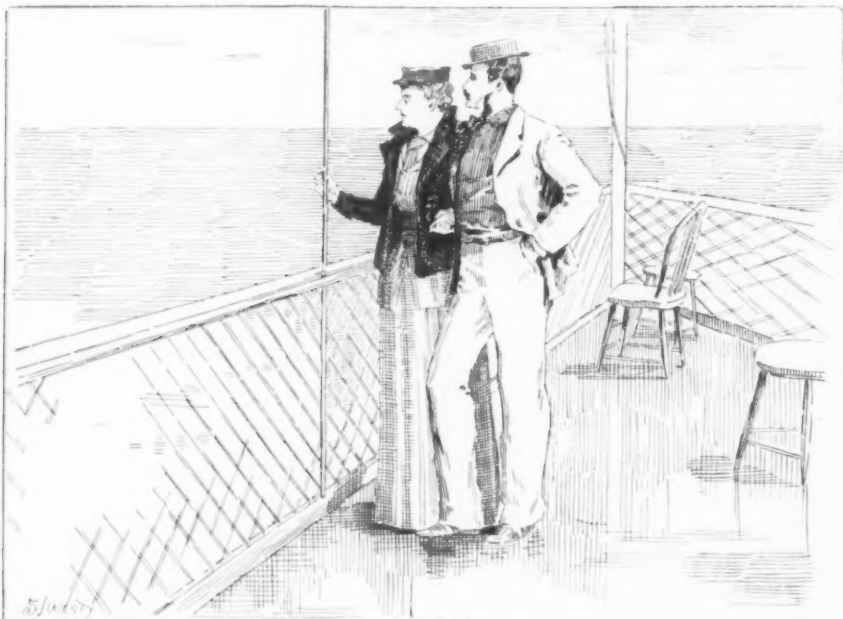
"Sir, I take the liberty of saying that you have my umbrella."
"Very well, you take the liberty; I'll take the umbrella."

"You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea." Boarder—"No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

She rowed with me one moonlight night,
And we are married now.
We row no more; we're altered quite;
Now we pronounce it row.

Fangle (to his wife)—"Oh, by-the-way, my dear, I invited the minister to take dinner with us to-morrow."

Mrs. Fangle (who is familiar with her husband's language when carving)—"Very well, love. I'll get the cock to carve the fowls before they are brought to the table."



ON THE HONEYMOON.

"It's much pleasanter out here all by ourselves; don't you think so, George?"
"Sure! But we can't get much practice this way. We've got to learn how to act, Gussie, before we get back home, or people will never cease to stare at us. Brace up and let's go in!"

You had better accept Mr. Hipple," said Mrs. Elder to her daughter; "it is your last chance." "Then you think this is the court of last resort, do you, mamma?" asked the girl.

Miss Prim (to Mr. Richfellow)—"Oh, it's nothing, nothing. My teeth ache a little; that's all."
Small Brother (sympathetically)—"Why don't you take 'em out?"

Dr. Endee—"Let me see your tongue, ma'am."
Mrs. Enpee—"How does it look; coated?"
Dr. Endee—"No; as though it had been working with its coat off."

Musical Editor (meeting composer)—"Hello, Twines! I haven't seen you since you got married. Doing anything in our line?" Composer: "Nothing much—only a little—er—cradle song in A flat."

Seedy Individual—"Can't yer let me have a dime, boss?"
Dressy Individual—"H'm! Charity begins at home."
Seedy Individual—"Well, if yer don't mind, then, mister, I'll walk wid yer to der door."

They were talking of the vanity of women; one of the few ladies present undertook a defense.
"Of course," she said, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way," she suddenly broke off, "the necktie of the handsomest man in this room is up under his ear."
She had worked it. Every man present put his hand up to his neck.

Vice Versa—"Kuldy, old boy, do you dictate much to your pretty typewriter nowadays?" "Dictate to her? That little redheaded thing over there? No, sir. She dictates to me. She is my wife."

Mr. Giltman—"What have you done with my wife's pet proddle that I paid you \$5 to steal?"
Sneak Thief Bill—"I returned it this morning, and got the \$10 pound reward she offered for it."

First Little Boy—"My ma got a new dress yesterday, and she threw her arms around pa's neck. What does your ma do when she gets a new dress?" Second Little Boy: "She says she'll forgive him, but he musn't stay out late again."

Little Jakey Mandelbloom—"Fader, our neighbor, Mr. Brown, says there is no such word as fail." Big Jake Mandelbloom: "Did he say so? Well, he is a Yankee and de Yankee never fails. Ven his business gets bad he advertises for a partner and dumps him."

Brobeson—"You look all broke up, old man. What's the matter?"

Cralk—"I called on Miss Pruyn last night, and no sooner had I entered the parlor than her mother appeared, and wanted to know my intentions."

"That must have been rather embarrassing."
"Yes, but that was not the worst. Just as the old lady finished speaking, Miss Pruyn shouted down the stairs. 'Mamma, mamma, he isn't the one.'"

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THE SECRET MONITOR and Guide to Health, a private Medical Treatise on the above diseases with the Anatomy and Physiology of the Sexual System, in Health and Disease, containing nearly 300 pages and numerous illustrations, sent to any address on receipt of reduced price, only Twenty Cents, or value in one or two cent stamps. Pamphlets and chart of questions for stating case sent free.

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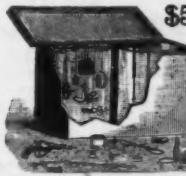
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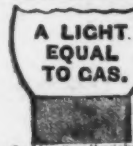
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The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per
acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre
for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth
cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.50 to \$6 per acre. If purchased
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and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

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